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A Monthly Journal of Literature and Public Affairs



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More About the B.C. Election
The Unanimous Island
German Culture 1934
Riders

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THE CANADIAN FORUM

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THE CANADIAN FORUM

Vol. XIV.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY, 1934

No. 161

THE PARLIAMENTARY SESSION

WHILE the American government strives valiantly to promote recovery and the British government replans its national agriculture and industry, our Canadian Prime Minister celebrates the fifth winter of the depression by reviving titles. Just what else he has done in the interval since the last session of Parliament is not very clear. His financial staff presumably have the bill for a central bank ready but he himself does not seem to have accomplished much beyond speeches about sound money. Everyone takes it for granted that the revival of the titles racket means that Mr. Bennett sees the end approaching, and so everyone is calculating when the election will come. If the government goes to the country this summer it might save some remnants of the Tory party for future activities. If it delays till a few more Tory ministries have been defeated in the provinces its defeat will be a disastrous rout and perhaps will involve the disappearance of the 'Liberal-Conservative' party from Canadian politics. These are the things which the old party hands will be thinking about this session. Mr. Bennett, so his admirers tell us, has a soul above such sordid calculations. One would like some more evidence to support this claim than his record on titles. At any rate he has now a splendid opportunity to provide the evidence. Let him tackle whole-heartedly some jobs that badly need doing in this country—unemployment insurance, agricultural marketing, housing and slum clearance, revision of the B.N.A. Act. He has done enough to satisfy the hoggish appetites of our manufacturers and he must by this time have rewarded all of them who contributed to the party campaign funds in 1930. Let him now devote himself to some efforts which will cause future generations to remember the name of Bennett for something beyond dump duties and titles.

LIBERAL STRATEGY

ONE of the funniest things that has appeared in Canadian journalism for a long time is the series of despatches from Ottawa which Liberal papers have recently been publishing on the theme that everything in President Roosevelt's New Deal was anticipated by Mr. Mackenzie King's book on *Industry and Humanity*. Mr. King likes the reputation of being a literary statesman and his reputation has remained safe since the publication of his book because no one has ever read it through. But

he shouldn't run too many risks. If he persists in challenges like this someone will resurrect the volume and see what it actually does say. And then it will be revealed that the career of the statesman who spent nine years sailing roughly by the famous chart of 1919 could have been precisely predicted from the cloudy rhetoric of *Industry and Humanity*. The literary artist who demonstrated his skill in being on the side of the angels without committing himself to anything in particular showed the same skill later in the field of practical politics. And today the Liberal party under his leadership is once more appealing to the electors without being committed to anything. Have they any concrete programme on unemployment insurance? Have they any plans for giving the workers a share in the control of industry—the theme about which their author-leader became most soulful in his book? What do they think about the B.N.A. Act? How far are they going to lower tariffs? (They promised in 1919 to make the British preference duties just 50 per cent. of those against foreign goods.) Even on the question of titles Mr. King is doggedly straddling the fence. He avoids committing himself and passes the buck to Parliament. What does he think about the St. Lawrence waterway? But, hush! We shouldn't embarrass him by bringing up topics on which Mr. Taschereau has already declared the party policy. For Mr. King is seeking votes in Quebec and there can't be a Liberal Government at Ottawa unless the Taschereau machine is kept in good humour.

THE INCUBUS OF THE SENATE

IN any consideration of the means whereby the power of the Federal Government may be strengthened, close attention must be paid to the Senate. If any new evidence were needed of the desirability of abolishing that effete institution, it may be found in a recent news article in the *Mail and Empire*. That devoted organ notes with gratification the prospect that by the next election, whatever happens to the House of Commons, the Senate will have a majority of twenty-five Conservatives, with the consequent happy prospect of being able to hold up any objectionable legislation for at least the next ten years. Since almost any constructive legislation is certain to be objectionable to the Senate, the prospect of an early advance for this fair Dominion is hardly encouraging. It is true that this is our chronic state under our present constitution.

Ever since Confederation, with one or two brief exceptions, the Senate majority has been Conservative; and what use has it been? The Conservative party, of course, has under these conditions complete freedom in the field of Federal legislation while it retains power in the Commons. It can do anything it wants within constitutional limits, provided it can think of anything to do. But the position of any other party, and especially any radical party, may be completely stultified. It may have overwhelming support of the country and an overwhelming majority in the Commons, and yet be doomed to sterility by this phalanx of ancient Tory warhorses who are usually an unconscionable long time in dying. How to get rid of this incubus will be one of the first and most ticklish problems of any such party upon the attainment of power.

PEACE IN OUR TIME

THE League of Nations Society in Canada has arranged a series of radio addresses on Canada and world peace which are to be given over a national network every Sunday afternoon at 2.15 E.S.T. They have also prepared a study outline on the subject and they are trying to organize groups all over Canada who will listen to the addresses and discuss them amongst themselves. This is an admirable project and the Society is to be congratulated on at last coming to life after its ten years of somnolence. It will be all to the good if, as a result of this campaign, some realistic discussion takes place in private groups and in the public press on the conditions which are necessary for the achievement of a peaceful civilization in our time. But it may as well be frankly said that there is not much hope of such result. The list of speakers which the Society has assembled for its radio programme is a most distinguished one; in fact, it is so distinguished that one does not need to be specially cynical to predict that their speeches will consist of respectable conventionalities and will be about as enlightening on the real problems of maintaining peace as are the speeches of bank presidents on the real problems of our economic conditions. The danger to be avoided in such an educational campaign as this is intended to be is a series of fifteen-minute incantations on the League. What we need just now is not incantation but a policy. Impassioned declarations about our Canadian devotion to the ideals of the League do not supply us with a policy. Most of our League orators in Canada are still in the intellectual condition of those pastors of well-to-do congregations who confine themselves to the pure gospel message but never approach the dangerous topic of what are the means necessary to realize the Kingdom of God upon this earth.

THE PRE-WAR ERA

AS 1933 passes into 1934 the world passes from the post-war era in which we have been living since 1919 into the pre-war era which precedes the next explosion. Appeals to the League spirit are now quite useless unless our League of Nations speakers are to enlighten us on what we should do in Canada about sanctions, whether we should advocate a League air force, whether we should back up the present British government in

its sabotage of the League, whether we should revise our settled Canadian policy on Article 10, what is the relation between our economic external policy and world peace, and on other similar difficult concrete problems. But if we were to frankly face the question of the meaning of Canada's commitments under the Covenant it would soon become clear that the Canadian people do not take these commitments seriously, and never have done so. Our radio speakers will therefore probably grow virtuously indignant about armament makers in Europe, about Nazi Germany or militarist Japan. No such respectable group of ladies and gentlemen could afford to face the fact that wars are not caused by some fiendish mischief-makers in some foreign lands but are the inevitable result of our present capitalist system. Unless we are prepared to make over our social and economic institutions and eliminate the reckless economic competition within each national community and between communities, the world will drift into another general war. War is only the final form of unrestricted competition. The expedients which are now being discussed by most League enthusiasts who are reluctant or afraid to face the economic basis of war are measures which may postpone the next war but cannot prevent it. Short of a fundamental discussion of the economic imperialism out of which wars arise, all peace discussions are likely to do more harm than good. We can see no evidence on the programme of the League of Nations Society's radio talks that any such fundamental issues are to be approached. The speakers will strike noble attitudes for fifteen minutes and their radio audience will then adjourn for a nice quiet Sunday afternoon nap.

WHEN KNIGHTHOOD RUNS TO SEED

VIEWING with alarm is all very well at the right time and place, but it is not easy to work up white-hot anger over the Prime Minister's antics regarding titles of honour. It would be far more appropriate to view at least with mild concern the tide of crooked thinking and hysteria which has piled up on both sides of the question. For instance, it is commonly being urged by those who disapprove of Mr. Bennett's action that such a step at such a time is an outrage to the feelings of the unemployed, and/or that he has violated the dignity of Parliament. But the unemployed have surely other and more important matters to worry about, and probably few Canadians lost much sleep over the dignity of the present Parliament; it has been in Mr. Bennett's pocket since 1930 and will remain there until it is dissolved. On the other hand, the neo-feudalists produce gems of ratiocination like the following: 'The refusal to allow Canadians to accept titles was an affront to the King,' or 'If K.C.'s and M.D.'s and Ph.D.'s are bestowed, why not knighthoods or even peerages.' His Majesty's umbrella in this question is purely imaginary and, in any case, quite beside the point. As for the strings of letters given to lawyers, doctors, or professors, they are professional distinctions, not social ones. To stretch a point, probably few Canadians would object even to O.B.E.'s or C.M.G.'s. The scramble for such undistinctive distinctions is a harmless and indeed a similar pursuit to stamp collecting or auto-

graph chasing. The real argument against the granting of knighthoods and peerages in Canada is simply that they are meaningless baubles on the American continent and in the twentieth century. In the western Europe of the Feudal age titles of honour were accompanied by appropriate and corresponding responsibilities. Here and now they are merely toys for the socially ambitious.

MR. HENRY SPEAKS UP

ONE of the most surprising and gratifying developments of the past month was the public pronouncement by Premier Henry that changes must be made in the B.N.A. Act in order to give wider and more effective powers to the Federal Government. The fact that all competent authorities have been saying this for years does not lessen the shock of such language from the lips of a Conservative leader, for most public men seem to have adopted a consistent policy (whether sincere or not) of treating the B.N.A. Act as though it ranked with the Ten Commandments. A breach of this tradition by the Premier of Ontario is all the more significant when one recalls the policy of the late G. Howard Ferguson and his insistence that not one jot or tittle should pass from the law without the unanimous consent of the provinces—an obvious indication that Ontario was ready to drive the hardest of bargains before giving up the smallest shadow of any rights she could possibly claim. If Mr. Ferguson's successor has stopped listening to the voice from London and has taken to reading the proceedings of the Conservative Summer School, he will by that act alone deserve well of his country. The further significance of his pronouncement in view of the Dominion-Provincial conference, which at the time of writing is still in prospect, must wait upon the event. Meanwhile, neither Conservatives nor Liberals have shown any notable enthusiasm for the surrender of provincial rights. And if Mr. Henry differs from them in this sphere, they can still count on the unyielding obscurantism of that leading Conservative, Mr. Taschereau, of Quebec.

NATIONAL COUNCIL OF PROPAGANDA

AMONG the many organizations which exist to feed lecturers to an omnivorous Canadian public is one of irreproachable respectability. Its advisory council is a solid phalanx of superlatively best citizens. Its name is the National Council of Education. Until very recently the activities of this organization were like Caesar's wife—before she was found out. It is true that some evilly-disposed persons seemed to sense a certain vague purpose in the National Council's activities. They were wont to point out that when pro-Gandhi sentiment was at its height in this country the National Council came to the rescue of the British Raj with a steady stream of suave and extremely plausible peers from across the Atlantic. Canadian audiences were given 'correct' information about India and the 'Hindu fanatic' was put in his place. But probably nobody would have paid any attention to these doubting Thomases had it not been for the explosion of last December. The bomb in this explosion was Mr. Carl J. Ketchum,

a Canadian journalist of some reputation, who revisited the Soviet Union last autumn at the express wish of the National Council and then came out to this country at their invitation to give Canadian lecture-goers 'correct' information about Russia. Along with the invitation there seem to have been some rather curious instructions. Mr. Ketchum was to stress the civil war and the famine in Russia, Mr. Ketchum was to submit his slides to censorship, Mr. Ketchum was, above all, to avoid giving pain to Mr. Bennett by any reference to the possibilities of Soviet trade. But Mr. Ketchum, not being an imported peer, but merely a Canadian newspaper man, was not as pliable as he might have been. In fact, halfway through his lecture tour he blew up and 'spilled the beans'. Hardly have the reverberations of the *affaire* Ketchum died down when the National Council drops the mask a little further, this time by importing a whole three-ringed circus of perfectly delightful Italian ladies and gentlemen to tell Canadians how sweet and clean and beautiful Fascism is. One wonders if they, too, received instructions as to what they were to say about Mateotti and the dagger and castor-oil days. National Council of Education? Surely a misnomer.

MURDER BY PROXY

THE Department of Emigration and Deportations (still obstinately referred to in Ottawa as the Department of Immigration) has recently shipped Tom Cacic, released from Kingston Penitentiary after serving a two-year sentence for being a Communist, to his native Yugoslavia. With this gesture the Canadian Government probably considers that it has got rid of an undesirable alien and has no further responsibility. But this case—a fairly typical deportation case—has rather serious ethical implications. When radicals are deported to countries where the White Terror rages—and Yugoslavia is such a country—they are marked men before they arrive and face imprisonment, torture or death as soon as they do arrive. Lest this sound like mere theorizing there is the case of Hans Kist. Whisked away from Vancouver by the R.C.M.P. nearly two years ago, this young German spent close on twelve months in the Halifax immigration sheds while an attempt was made to appeal the summary star-chamber proceedings authorized by sections 41 and 42 of the Immigration Act. Finally, about a year ago, he was deported to Germany and was immediately flung into a concentration camp, where he very shortly died from ill-treatment received at the hands of the Nazis. A similar fate awaits Cacic, and in an attempt to avert it his friends have urged that he be allowed to go to the Soviet Union. They have offered to pay his full fare from Canada and the Soviet Government has declared itself willing to grant the necessary visa. But all this is of no interest to the gentlemen who sit in offices on Parliament Hill. Cacic or any other deportee may die, but they intend to make quite sure that he goes to his death swathed in the regulation amount of red-tape. Capital punishment is not yet the penalty for radicalism in Canada, but with a Pontius Pilate gesture the Canadian Government can wash its hands and yet make sure that the illegal sentence will be executed by proxy.

READING MATTER

THE outstanding article in this month's periodicals is that by Frank Simonds in the January *Atlantic*, entitled *Consequences*. It discusses the breakdown of the Versailles settlement in Europe and the resulting drift into another war. Since another European war presents insoluble difficulties to us in Canada as well as to our neighbours in the United States, Mr. Simonds' discussion should be taken to heart by everybody who does not think that noble rhetoric about our Canadian passion for peace will be enough when the test comes. Another noteworthy article on the European situation is that of Leon Trotsky in the Winter number of the *Yale Review*, on Hitler's National Socialism. On matters of North American interest we commend John Strachey's three articles in the *Nation* (N.Y.) on *The Two Wings of the Blue Eagle* (Dec. 27, Jan. 3 and 10). John T. Flynn has a discussion on banking in the January *Current History* which can be read with profit just before our own banking system is overhauled; it is entitled, *Wanted—Real Banking Reform*. And the growing interest in housing problems in this country makes especially timely a little discussion by Catherine Bauer in the *Nation* of Dec. 27—*Slum Clearance or Housing*. Finally, all good imperialists who were thrilled by the spectacle of the old mother country coming to the rescue of her senior colony of Newfoundland should read H. N. Brailsford's article in *The World Tomorrow* of Jan. 4, entitled *Empire is Debt*.

CANADIANA

The Montreal police go 'wild west' on New Year's Eve, as reported in the *Montreal Gazette* the morning after:—

Two police officers, apparently off duty, drew revolvers at the corner of St. Lawrence Boulevard and St. Catherine Street, and, to the amazement of onlookers, fired twelve shots into the air. These were bullets which had remained untouched during 1933 and which were replaced with new bullets for 1934.

* * *

Toronto Orangemen continue to stagger under the burden of Empire. From a report in *The Mail and Empire* of December 12th:

Suggestion that a questionnaire be sent to the principals of all public schools to determine whether the National Anthem was being sung by the pupils, was contained in a letter to the management committee of the Board of Education, which met yesterday afternoon, from R. Oullahan, secretary of the Loyal Orange County Lodge. Mr. Oullahan stated that reports had come to the legislative committee of the lodge that the National Anthem was not being sung in several city schools.

* * *

Hon. L. A. Taschereau, Prime Minister of the Province of Quebec, sends a Christmas message to English-speaking citizens of the Province:—

Our province is the natural abode of law and order, because of the deep religious, altruistic and patriotic spirit prevailing here and uniting both the rich and the poor in true Canadian Christian solidarity.

* * *

A *Canadian Press* release goes in for practical pacifism:—

Toronto, January 2.—A scheme for the furtherance of world peace has been advanced here by a Toronto author, W. E. Dyer. The proposal, still in the early stages, is to

develop a flag with the word 'Peace' emblazoned in deep blue letters on a white oval, representing the universe, and placed on a sky blue background. The finished product would be known as the 'world peace flag'.

It is intended by the author to have the word translated into various languages and send prints to their respective countries. Already the word has been placed on 10 different prints.

When the proposal has become concrete it is intended by the designer to have the peace flag submitted to the League of Nations for official recognition, and it has been stated the League of Nations Society in Canada is willing to consider the scheme when it is placed in their hands for discussion before submission to Geneva.

The finale of the scheme, after it has gained recognition, is to place the flags in the school rooms of the world so the meaning of 'peace' may be impressed into the minds of future generations. Accompanying the flag is a five verse song, termed, 'The Children's Song of Peace'.

GREEN

The lake shines green as a cat's eye;
If leaves of trees could liquify
And slowly spill
Great vats of molten chlorophyll
It would not greener show
Than the slow
Green shadows creeping o'er the lake
That soon will take
The distant stars and moon to rest
Upon her breast.

The lake's green is the liquid note
The Thrush thrills in a wood remote
At eventide;
Long the cadences flow and glide
Through the listening wood
Like a flood
Of shadows pouring o'er the mere
That soon will hear
Far chanting of the Whip-poor-will
And then be still.

ARTHUR S. BOURINOT

FANTASY

Who throw white roses through the air
To pile up at her elfin feet?
No dryads, nymphs, or fairies, these,
But coal-black workmen from the mines,
Black with soot and dripping sweat:
And yet they gather by the road
To throw white roses through the air
As she drives by in coach and four.

LENNARD GANDALAC



THEY STILL REQUIRE INVESTIGATING

By D. M. LeBOURDAIS

THE people of Canada are not quite happy about their penitentiaries. There is a pretty general feeling that things are not altogether right. And there is a widespread desire to see these institutions thoroughly investigated by a properly constituted board of inquiry.

The penitentiary is a relic of a less enlightened age. Even under the best management it has not much to commend it. And there is a growing demand for the adoption of more modern methods of preventing crime and reforming criminals.

One reason why reforms come so slowly is that relatively few people are able, so to speak, to stand off and look with a detached eye upon their own times. We are so familiar with the present system that it seems right and natural to us. But when we can compare the practices of an earlier age with our own, we are often amazed to think that people apparently so enlightened could have been so inhumane.

For instance, it is little more than 100 years since people were hanged in England for stealing amounts in excess of five shillings. Hanging was the penalty for unlawfully killing or stealing deer, unlawfully catching fish, destroying trees or bridges, and for over 200 other offences. Such had been the custom for centuries. When humanitarians fought against these relics of barbarism they were mercilessly attacked. When, in 1810, Sir Samuel Romilly succeeded in getting a bill through the House of Commons to repeal the law prescribing death for thefts of trifling sums, it was defeated in the House of Lords, the Archbishop of Canterbury and six bishops voting against it!

We have no hesitation now in condemning such customs as barbaric. But have we any assurance that another generation, from their more lofty eminence, will not look back on our own times and put us in the same category with those whom we now condemn?

It is interesting, in this connection, to examine the report of a Royal Commission which, in 1848, made an investigation into the 'conduct, economy, and management' of Kingston Penitentiary.

Kingston Penitentiary had come into being following a resolution of the legislature of Upper Canada in 1832, when a grant of £100 was authorized to secure plans and estimates for a penitentiary to serve the province. Two commissioners had been appointed to present a preliminary report. They had visited several well-known United States penitentiaries, such as Sing Sing and Auburn. At the latter institution, they had met William Powers, deputy keeper, who was later induced to come to Canada to superintend the building of Kingston Penitentiary, eventually becoming the deputy warden.

In 1834 the institution had received its first inmates. A Board of Inspectors consisting of five representative citizens had been appointed to act without salary as general supervisors. One Henry Smith had been appointed warden at a salary of £200 a year, with William Powers, as deputy warden, at a salary of £150.

Undoubtedly the appointment of Smith had been a mistake. From the outset he had quarrelled with the deputy warden and also with the board of inspectors. He seems to have been determined to get rid of Powers, and brought against him one set of charges after another—which the inspectors as regularly threw out. Most of these charges were trivial, such as: 'Speaking disrespectfully of the warden'; 'Calling the lieutenant-governor a tyrant'; and 'Taking his dog to be fed in the penitentiary'. Powers stood this sort of thing for six years and then resigned. A majority of the board of inspectors resigned at the same time.

Smith had then carried on for over a year without a deputy, when Edward Utting was appointed. Utting was no more acceptable to Smith than Powers had been, and the quarrels continued. Smith seems, however, to have had considerable political influence. In 1846 a new penitentiary act was passed. It was drafted largely by Smith and helped through the legislature by his son, Henry, a member. Under this act, the authority of the board of inspectors was considerably curtailed and the powers of the warden increased accordingly. The warden's salary was increased from £300 to £500 a year, while the salaries of other officers, including that of deputy warden, were reduced. The new board of inspectors, dissatisfied because they had not been consulted in the drafting of the act, resigned in a body. Smith also succeeded in getting rid of Utting. Another board was then appointed, evidently composed of persons satisfactory to Smith, whose sway was now supreme.

The first act of the new board was to promote the kitchen-keeper to the post of deputy warden; and in the vacancy thus created, the warden placed his son, Francis William, who had just previously 'ceased to be deputy sheriff of the Midland District on account of irregular conduct'.

Smith did not intend to keep his son in such a menial post, for the inspectors soon wrote to the Governor-General suggesting the appointment of a 'steward, an officer usually employed in receiving and dispensing the provisions furnished for the support of the convicts, as well as in taking charge of the clothing and bedding of the prisoners, with rank and salary commensurate with the importance and responsible character of the duties of his office'. The joker in that recommendation was that the duties referred to were precisely those of the kitchen-keeper! Under a new title, Smith evidently hoped to raise his son's pay!

Smith, Jr., was not long in adding to trouble already too prevalent in the institution. At length, the surgeon, Dr. James Sampson, brought definite charges against him, which included, among others, that of 'shooting arrows at the convicts, whereby the convict, John Abraham, lost an eye'. The subservient board of inspectors, however, exonerated the kitchen-keeper, who thereupon brought counter-charges against the doctor. Members of the staff were induced to give damaging evidence in support of these charges, while others who had testified against the Smiths were discharged.

It was such a situation that brought about the appointment of the Royal Commission in 1848. The commissioners first investigated the charges against Kitchen-Keeper Smith, and promptly found him guilty of cruelty to convicts, speculation, and conduct subversive of the rules and good order of the prison. Smith, Jr., resigned.

The charges against the father, occupying 301 pages, were next gone into, and a very sad state of affairs was disclosed. It seems almost incredible that a person so little suited for the control of such an important institution could have been at its head for fourteen years. There is scarcely a point in his favour; but viewed from our standpoint the utter cruelty of his regime seems to stand out most prominently, although it must be understood that the general attitude toward criminal offenders was much less humane than ours. Especially was this so with regard to the treatment of children. Nowadays we do not send children of eight and ten years of age to the penitentiary and subject them to the lash and wanton malnourishment, even though we do send them there at an age which many still consider far too young.

Evidence published in the report shows, for instance, the case of Antoine Beauche, age 8, who was committed to the penitentiary for three years—for what crime the record does not say. He appears to have been an irrepressible youngster, for within a week of his imprisonment he was put on bread and water and given three lashes with the rawhide for talking. Here is the record of his punishments for two different months: On December 9th, 1845, he was given three lashes for 'talking and idling'; on the 15th, he got four lashes for 'shouting in his cell'; the following day, four, for 'playing tricks'; three days later, the rawhide was again applied four times for 'shouting in his cell'; and on the 20th and the 25th he received four lashes for talking and laughing—six lashings in one month!

In March, the boy was punished with the rawhide seven different times. On March 6th, he received four lashes—for 'staring'. Three days later he was punished twice in the one day, nine lashes for 'having tobacco', and six for 'talking'. Then on each of the next two days he received nine strokes for 'talking' and 'stealing bread'. Twice more during the month he was given lashes for 'talking'. In addition, he was put on diets of bread and water.

Alexis Lafleur, age 11, was committed for three years. Here is a list of his punishments for the month of December, 1842: On December 9th, he was given nine strokes for 'talking'; on the 18th, nine strokes for 'talking and laughing'; on the 24th—Christmas Eve—he was given 12 lashes for 'talking French'! and the same day received 12 additional lashes for 'making a noise in his cell'. He somehow avoided punishment on Christmas Day, but the following day was handed out another dozen strokes of the rawhide for an unstated offence. In each case he, too, was put on bread and water in addition to being whipped.

Young Lafleur served three years and was then pardoned, but within ten months was back again under sentence of four years. The lashings and bread and water diet continued as before up to the time of the investigation.

Nor were such savageries confined to boys. The record shows that Elizabeth Breen, age 12, was repeatedly lashed with the rawhide, receiving as many as eight strokes at a time. Another girl, Sarah O'Connor, aged 14, was also punished in the same manner. Very little provision was made for insane prisoners. The case is cited of John Donovan, a soldier, who, in spite of being insane, received 168 lashes in 28 days.

We do better than that today, but it is quite safe to say that the time will come (for some it has already come) when our present methods of treating criminals will seem quite as inhumane.

The commissioners reported: 'We have found the warden guilty on all the charges preferred against him, and the case is so fully established—whether as regards indifference to the success of the institution—neglect of his duties—incapacity—mismanagement—cruelty—falsehood—speculation—that the only course left us is to recommend Mr. Smith's permanent removal from the wardenship of the penitentiary.'

While not specifically asked to deal with county jails, the commissioners came to the same conclusion as others to come after them concerning the part which jails play in the creation of criminals. 'At every step of our proceedings we have felt that the entire penal system of the province demands a thorough reform,' they wrote; 'and that so long as our common jail system remains as at present, no satisfactory moral results can be expected from the higher institution. The district jails are the nurseries of crime and vice, and ere the prisoner is transferred from them to the penitentiary, he is too often thoroughly contaminated and hardened. Men do not sink at once into the depths of crime—and while considering how to reform the criminal, we have constantly felt how much more hopeful it would be to prevent the crime, and how much more hopeful would be the labour of leading the young offender into a good course, and inspire him with better feelings than to eradicate habits which have been the growth of years.'

More than three-quarters of a century later, another Royal Commission found it necessary to draw attention to this same subject. Thus the Ross report (1930) on jails in Ontario: 'The jails are the most difficult feature of our social system. They are inferior in nearly every sense of the word. . . . The 47 jails of the province are 47 places which are as likely to promote offences as to prevent them. . . . An essential thing is to use these places as little as possible, and to use as few of them as possible.'

One wonders whether a 'royal' commission sitting in the year 2030 will still find the jails 'the most difficult feature of our social system'!



MORE ABOUT THE BRITISH COLUMBIA ELECTION

By ANGUS MacINNIS

THE 1933 provincial election in British Columbia was an event of considerable importance. It was well that someone took the time to write an account of it for THE CANADIAN FORUM, and particularly such a well-informed and penetrating writer as Professor Soward. It seemed to me, however, that Professor Soward overlooked, or at least failed to stress the most important point in the whole campaign, namely, that the issue, for the first time in a Canadian political campaign was Socialism versus Capitalism. Generally, C.C.F. candidates and speakers emphasized this issue, and their opponents, unable logically to explain the reason for misery and want in the midst of plenty, resorted to the time-honored custom of raising irrelevant issues. It is admitted, even by many who do not agree with the C.C.F., that its advocates conducted an educational campaign of which they may indeed be proud.

The C.C.F. in this campaign accomplished at least one thing: They have proved the identity of interest of the two old parties. The C.C.F. insisted that the cause of economic collapse was due, not to the graft or the lack of business ability of the Tolmie government, but to the impossibility of administering civil affairs efficiently in a contracting capitalism. They pointed out that the failure of the system to distribute the fruits of industry on a more equitable basis is due to the purpose for which it is ordered and not to faults in its administration. They further emphasized the point that as long as the people insist on retaining capitalism they will have to accept the consequences of the operation of that system, and that it could not be administered any more beneficially in the interests of the masses by a C.C.F. government than by a Liberal or a Conservative government. If, in future elections, the C.C.F. adhere to this policy, the issue henceforth will be, not a high tariff versus a tariff not so high or any of the other old issues that served the purpose of the two old parties of capitalism, but Socialism versus Capitalism.

There were certain other interesting aspects of the campaign of the Liberal party which Professor Soward for some reason failed to touch. Their chief speaker, apart from their leader, Mr. Pattullo, was Mr. G. G. McGeer, K.C., better known in British Columbia as 'Gerry' McGeer. 'Gerry' has a loud voice, and a fairly extensive vocabulary. Furthermore, he is a gentleman of considerable astuteness. During the last few years of producers' depression and bankers' prosperity, financiers have come in for a great deal of criticism. Abusing bankers has become a pastime almost as popular as bridge, or as hunting Communists in Toronto. Gerry took up the study of money. He became popular as a speaker at Service Club luncheons. The sharing of sin of the Oxford group also became popular and it is said that Gerry joined the Oxford group.

When the Banking Commission sat in Vancouver he appeared before it on behalf of the Vancouver Trades and Labour Council. He announced that he performed this service without money and without price. Some people thought this rather strange, as,

in the past, Gerry has valued his services highly, financially speaking. Certain people were mean enough to suggest that the reason for this altruism was because there was an election in the offing and workers have votes if nothing else. The best people, however, claim it was because he joined the Oxford group although they do not overlook the advertising value of three hours before the Banking Commission and a tiff with the Chairman, Lord MacMillan.

As we have noted, Mr. McGeer was chief spokesman for the Liberals and his tactics can be understood from the following:

In reporting to the Trades Council his efforts before the Banking Commission he said: 'In addressing a properly constituted, impartial tribunal charged with the great responsibilities that this Commission has undertaken, all will agree that fact and argument should be presented in restrained language, advancing plain reason and simple logic. There is, however, a proper time and place in advocacy for appeal, conciliation, argument and denunciation. Upon this occasion I determined that the course most likely to produce results beneficial to labour called for "an evangelical bombardment of invective" directed at the private money system with which the majority of the members of the Commission are actively associated, and in which they have a profit-seeking and proprietary interest.'

The Liberal tactics in the campaign indicated that Mr. McGeer decided and the party agreed that what would best serve the purpose on that occasion also was 'an evangelical bombardment of invective,' directed against what Mr. Pritchard, in a moment of youthful smart alecism said fifteen years ago; against opinions expressed by Dr. Telford in another connection and against statements which Miss Osterhout did not make in 1933.

These tactics were generally followed by the Liberal party. The Hon. Ian MacKenzie stated at a meeting that three members of the Farmer-Labour group in the House of Commons had been implicated in the Beauharnois scandal. When pressed for names, he mentioned E. J. Garland, M.P. Next day, when the C.C.F. threatened a libel suit, he withdrew the statement. Mr. Tom Reid, Liberal member for New Westminster, made similar statements, but with more Scotch caution and as little Scotch honesty, said he had forgotten the names, but that he had them in his files at Ottawa.

The day before the election the employees of large department stores in Vancouver were circularized to the effect that if a C.C.F. government were elected it would take over the stores and all employees would lose their jobs. The lumber workers were told that the C.C.F. was opposed to foreign trade and that if it were elected to govern on November 2nd the camps and mills would be closed next day. This canard undoubtedly was responsible for the defeat of Dr. Lyle Telford, C.C.F. candidate in a Vancouver Island riding.

While the C.C.F. speakers were carrying on the campaign in 'restrained language, advancing plain

reason and simple logic', the Liberals, and the Conservatives masquerading as Independents, were appealing to every fear, passion, and prejudice that could find a place in the minds of a people not yet freed from traditional superstition and fear.

Mr. McGeer had his own policy for the rehabilitation of Canada, a policy which he outlined in a pamphlet entitled *The Conquest of Poverty*. This programme provided for a national banking system and a planned economy under state control. His programme was much closer to that of the C.C.F. than to the vague generalities which served as the programme of the Liberal party, but he thought he could use that party to advance his own ideas. The Liberal party had no use for Mr. McGeer or his programme but they felt that the Liberal machine could make use of Mr. McGeer's special qualities. However, the inevitable happened: The machine triumphed over the individual. When Mr. Pattullo formed his cabinet, Gerry was left out in the cold. He said that he had been promised the position of Attorney-General, but that post was given to a young stripling from the office of the legal firm whose head is said to be the boss of the Liberal machine. So Gerry now is in 'opposition'. 'He would rather be a doorkeeper in the house of the Lord than to dwell in the tents of the wicked.'

There are many other features of the election which might be noted if space permitted. The most pleasing aspect of the election was the consistent vote given the C.C.F. This indication of an understanding of the real issues involved was most clearly shown in Vancouver East where the two C.C.F. candidates were elected. Although the total vote of each was nearly 11,000, there was a difference of only 3 votes between them. In the other city ridings the C.C.F. totals, though not so close, were much closer than those of any other party.

All but one of the candidates elected are members of the Socialist Party of Canada which is affiliated with the C.C.F. The only significance that need be attached to this is that these candidates ran in constituencies where socialist organization and education had been carried on, in some instances, for many years. Had C.C.F. club members been nominated in these ridings they too would have been

successful. The results show, however, that organization and education count on election day.

Mr. Connell, the Associated C.C.F. club member, elected in Victoria, is a retired Anglican clergyman. He labels himself 'Marxian Socialist,' pointing out, however, that this does not mean an uncritical acceptance of everything written by Karl Marx, but it does mean that in order to get a clear understanding of social and economic problems, we shall have to approach them from the Marxian point of view.

Much was said by our opponents of supposed rifts within the C.C.F. Actually there was no dissension of any importance. Seventeen members, who had been expelled from the Socialist Party of Canada, formed a new organization and continued to use the old name. They ran candidates in four Vancouver ridings, but the total vote of their five candidates was only 389. The other 'rift' was an organization, formed by a few disgruntled individuals, and calling itself 'The Independent C.C.F.', surely a contradiction in terms. They did not deceive any appreciable number of the electorate, as their seven candidates in five Vancouver constituencies received only 2,016 votes.

The Liberal party received approximately 151,000 votes and elected 34 members. The C.C.F. received 115,000 votes and elected 7 members. All others received 92,000 votes and elected 6 members. In this last category is included one Labour member, who was not opposed by the C.C.F., and who will most likely sit with the C.C.F. members in the Legislature.

Steps should be taken by C.C.F. organizations in the other provinces to familiarize their members with all the factors of this, the first real political campaign of the C.C.F. in Canada. They should not rest content with the accounts they read in the capitalist press. The C.C.F. is now an actual factor in the political life of the Dominion. If we can forget personal ambitions and aspirations we can build a force that will have to be reckoned with. Regardless of the belittling and pooh-poohing of the press, Big Business and the leaders of the old parties recognize in the C.C.F. only challenge to their supremacy and to their reign of exploitation.

GERMAN CULTURE, 1934

By CECIL LEWIS

GOETHE in 1932, Hitler in 1933. From praise of the 'great European', to worship of the most extreme nationalist who has held power in Europe for centuries. Such is the transformation wrought within Germany in the space of a single year. It is the most crushing proof ever afforded of an emotional instability, greater, probably, among the Germans than among any other large nation in Europe. No other people seems so prone to sudden and drastic reversals of its judgement. We can trace in German history a more violent alternation of nationalism and internationalism and of idealism and materialism than anywhere else. The German intellectuals greeted with fervour the ideals of the

French Revolution, yet within fifteen years they listened unabashed to the strident nationalism of Fichte, sometime citizen of the world; the Metternich reaction was followed by the liberal democratic ideas of 1848, which in turn yielded to acquiescence in the 'blood and iron' of Bismarck; and the liberal, democratic Weimar Constitution of 1919, the most theoretically perfect of its kind, now collapses before the leadership of Hitler. Such a turbulent history explains the readiness of the Germans to endure a violent reactionary regime that evokes horrified astonishment in Anglo-Saxon countries, conscious of their steady advance, in the last century and a half, towards a tolerant liberalism.

With parliamentary government have gone freedom of speech and racial, political and religious tolerance. The *Gleichschaltung*, or coordination, is an all-embracing effort to direct the thought and emotion of the entire people towards the rehabilitation of the country, which means the destruction of the Peace Treaty and the acquisition of new territory which, within a century, shall harbour a population of two hundred and fifty millions of Germans. That is the supreme object of the Nazi revolution, plainly avowed by Hitler in *Mein Kampf*, of which hundreds of thousands of copies, unchanged in the text, have been sold since the movement secured control of the country. Recent professions of peaceful intentions must be read in the light of the views on propaganda set forth in *Mein Kampf*. It is not easy to defend the honesty of one who, on taking the reins of power, swore to uphold the constitution, and then proceeded to trample it underfoot. All the persecution of democrats, pacifists, and others who do not subscribe to a jingo patriotism, is due solely to the determination to carry out the above policy. The 'socialism' of the National Socialists was always vague and unreal beside their nationalism, and now that it has served its purpose of deluding the expropriated middle classes, it has been quickly shelved.

In his great novel, *The Magic Mountain*, published in 1924 and widely recognized as a profound study of the German soul, Thomas Mann reviews the forces contending for the mastery of Germany in a long debate between Settembrini, the Western European apostle of spiritual progress, of enlightened humanitarianism, and Naphtha, the fanatic and ruthless nationalist. The philosophy of these conflicting views is marshalled with extraordinary skill, but at the end the disputants have recourse to pistols—and Settembrini's courage fails him. Surely this was a prophetic vision of the course of events in recent months. The Naphthas are in the saddle, and by a grandiose campaign, which strikes far deeper than propaganda, as the term is ordinarily understood, they are striving to throw the whole weight of the German people behind their aggressive policy.

The ideas which are now being imposed on the Germans are by no means new. The German is a strong, fearless, blond Nordic, with an inexhaustible joy in combat, with an unexampled creative power in the realm of the arts. He is the victim of cunning, treacherous enemies, of little dark men who swarm over his borders and preach to him the enfeebling doctrine of 'humanity', of chivalry towards the weak; who defile his blood and besmirch his noble traditions. From time to time the native virtues of the German awake and, as at the Reformation, he dams back the tide of alien influence. This is the hodge-podge of *Mein Kampf*, and it is no more than a slight exaggeration of the views advanced a full generation ago by Langbehn, Chamberlain, and others. Such notions have always appealed to a proportion of German adolescents; this is the first time they have been rammed down the throats of the whole nation. There is no reason to suppose that the mature element take it any more seriously now than they did about the year 1900.

Again and again in his book Hitler proclaimed his intention to use every possible means of imposing his narrow ideology on the German people.

Again and again he expresses his hatred of the scientific spirit of investigation, of the search for the facts in regard to race, religion, and political history. If you set forth the pros and cons of any problem in sober language, you will never be able to sway the mob. What they crave is not reason and argument, but a root and branch rejection of opposing views and an uncompromising affirmation of their own case in all its aspects. He therefore pours scorn on the professors and openly proclaims that a wide and liberal education has but one result; to render the bulk of those who receive it impervious to any appeal to their passions. The study of modern languages he regards as particularly undesirable, for reasons that we may readily guess.

Hitler has long since bludgeoned into silence all the agencies which attempted to present an impartial survey of world-events, whether of the past or of the present. Many of the best authors, journalists, university teachers, and radio lecturers have been deprived of the means of influencing public opinion. These have been replaced by the nominees of the *Reichskulturkammer*, which, under the leadership of Goebbels, the Minister of Propaganda, organizes all the professions in harmony with Nazi principles. The coordination is particularly glaring in the case of the press, whose members are now to all intents and purposes the servants of the Government. The proudest tradition of the universities, freedom for the lecturer to teach what he held to be the truth, has gone by the board. Spies in the lecture-halls will make sincere teaching an impossibility for many who expound the purely cultural subjects. The *Privat-Dozenten*, or aspirants for university chairs, must now prove their political acceptability as well as the technical command of their subject. In the schools, more emphasis will be laid on the native element in the German tradition. It is reported that in the junior classes even the fairy stories are being made to serve political ends. Little Red Riding Hood is innocent Germany, who is rescued from the soft-spoken wolf, France, by the noble huntsman, Hitler.

Even in the sphere of religion, determined efforts have been made to transform the Lutheran Church into another organ of propaganda. Bishop Hossensfelder's 'German Christian' following have urged the segregation of Jewish converts to Lutheranism, the elimination of the Old Testament, and the replacement of the crucifix by the swastika, as part of a campaign to purge their religion of humility and love and charity. This programme has been resisted, at the peril of their lives, by three thousand pastors led by such men as Karl Barth, the eminent theologian. They include several men who served with great distinction during the War. The issue is still undecided, but Hitler has thought it wise to disassociate himself from his Lutheran adherents and to let the churchmen fight their own battles, with the result that the triumph of the saner element now seems possible. The 'Aryan Clause' against the baptized Jews has been revoked, and Hossensfelder has resigned his bishopric and the leadership of the German Christians.

In the field of literature only the negative results of Hitlerism are as yet visible. Many of the more eminent writers have left the country. Of those that remain, some have shown themselves suspiciously adaptable to the changed spirit. Whether they can

produce good work while subjected to the soul-killing uniformity of Hitlerism remains to be seen.

The outlook for any movement founded on the blind fury of passion can hardly be bright. The cult of Germanism may well be followed by its opposite, a swing-back into 'Ausländerei', the worship of things foreign, to which Germany is often inclined. In two or three years, barring catastrophies, the Germans are likely to be sated with self-deification.

The slender hope of a peaceful development in Europe rests ultimately on avoidance of extremes of feeling, on the spirit of tolerance and of give and take. The best service that could be rendered to the cause of peace would be the grant of sweeping concessions to Germany so soon as she displays a truly conciliatory spirit. Only thus could we banish her persecution-complex and secure a prospect of reasoned cooperation for the future.

DEMOCRACY IN CALIFORNIA

By ARTHUR GOULDING

UPTON SINCLAIR, Socialist, has accepted the Democratic nomination and will run for Governor of California in 1934. His platform and slogan is to 'End Poverty In California', or E.P.I.C.

This announcement, with details, is contained in a pamphlet written by him, and recently published as the first move in his electoral campaign. The election does not take place until next October; but the campaign is to be one of education: and to educate several million voters a year is none too long.

Mr. Sinclair's reasons for accepting this nomination from a section of the Democratic Party, after a lifetime of strenuous endeavour in the Socialist cause, are given frankly and in detail. One of them is implied in the following quotation from Thomas Jefferson, the father of American democracy. 'The general spread of the light of science has already laid open to every view the palpable truth, that the mass of mankind has not been born with saddles on their backs, nor a favoured few booted and spurred, ready to ride them legitimately, by the Grace of God.' This is a principle to which any Socialist can subscribe. Another reason for acceptance is the urgency of the crisis. In one election, as a Socialist candidate, Mr. Sinclair received 50,323 votes. Eight years later he got 150 votes more, which shows progress, but at too slow a rate. Now in the final year of 'America's Five Year Plan of Starvation' the crisis is too instant and the time too short. The menace of fascist dictatorship, to be followed as the night the day, by communist revolution, is too serious to be met by doctrinaire gestures. The need is to prevent a social collapse from following the industrial and banking collapse we have enjoyed these past three years. Starvation and riots will lead to a dictatorship, either of big business or of the proletariat, and either event means the end of the democratic experiment and of such personal liberty as we still possess. It is, therefore, as a democrat and a defender of personal liberty that Upton Sinclair enters the lists. He intends to find out if a hungry electorate is any more likely to support its own real interest than is a well-fed one.

The E.P.I.C. plan is set out in list of twelve laws, of which the first three are the most important. The

first law establishes a public body known as the California Authority for Land, the C.A.L. This authority will lease or purchase agricultural land sold for taxes or under foreclosure and will establish thereon colonies of the unemployed to work the land with modern machinery and under the guidance of experts. This will begin to solve the food question . . . at least for the unemployed. The second law establishes the C.A.P. or Authority for Production, which is to acquire factories and production plants, many of them at present shut down by the depression, where unemployed factory hands may begin to turn out such goods as are needed by themselves and the land colonies. Such plants will include clothing and shoe factories, laundries, bakeries, canneries, cement and brick works, and lumber yards: a new and self-sustaining industrial system for those whom the present system can no longer employ. The third law establishes the C.A.M. or California Authority for Money, which will handle the financing of C.A.L. and C.A.P. This body will issue the scrip to be used within the system. It will also raise money by the issue of bonds for the initial purchasing of plant and materials. The public will be invited to draw their money out of the private banks to finance their own state enterprise. 'Let your money work for you instead of against you' is the proposed slogan—which has not as yet been approved by the State Banking Association.

These three laws are the only 'revolutionary' part of the programme. The other nine are merely overdue taxation reforms such as may be found in other countries. The sales tax is to be repealed and replaced by a state income tax starting at \$5,000 and steeply graduated so that incomes over \$50,000 pay thirty per cent. Death duties are to take all property in excess of \$50,000 willed to any one person, and all in excess of \$250,000 willed by any one person. This tax should be popular with all but about two per cent. of the population. A tax of 10 per cent. on all unimproved urban and agricultural land will put the final lid on the great American hobby of speculating in real estate; while a graduated tax on all homes and ranches with over \$5,000 assessment will discourage one form of social ostentation which is very popular in California. A tax on public utilities according to the actual value of the franchise is also planned, and this alone should go far toward providing the sickness and old age pensions which are to be established.

Such is the programme on which the more radical section of the Democratic Party is out to

I, GOVERNOR OF CALIFORNIA, by Upton Sinclair (U. Sinclair; pp. 64; \$.20).

THE WAY OUT, by Upton Sinclair (U. Sinclair; pp. 108; \$.20).

oppose the present incumbent, Governor Jimmie Rolph, the fat and cheerful defender of lynch law and big business in California. The probable course of the campaign is amusingly sketched in story form by Upton Sinclair, who has had a long and intimate experience of American political methods. All the approved forms of opposition are used, including lies, libels, religious prejudice, and frenzied appeals to the Constitution and the Spirit of 1776. When these fail to produce results with the hungry and informed electorate, more direct methods are attempted, and the author narrowly escapes 'accidental' death on two occasions. Since the Money Power owns and controls both press and radio, there is no chance for the new group to reach the public except through their thousands of study groups throughout the state. It is here that the women's vote proves decisive. The women of California know better than the men what poverty means, and the plan to end poverty in California is one that no political spell-binder can talk them out of. Thanks to the experience gained by those who watched the La Follette election racket in 1924, the old party machine is unable to think up a single dirty trick against which the electorate has not been warned. The people of California vote, for once, in their own interest, and the Governor and Representatives pledged to the E.P.I.C. plan are swept into power. The rest of the story shows how the Governor was able to carry out his plan in less time than he expected; how the already tottering business system of the state was unable to survive beside the 'functional

industry' set up, and came into the new system through the bankruptcy courts. Finally how the other forty-seven states of the Union followed the good example and set out to establish plans of their own. At the end of three years the Governor resigns and goes home to write another novel.

It is an interesting situation and bids fair to become even more so. It might actually happen! California has enough intelligent and semi-intelligent electors to carry any party against the machine; and big business has given the people of that state a pretty raw deal ever since the days of Colin P. Huntington and the Southern Pacific. Just what the local Holts and Flavelles will do in defence of their vested interests remains to be seen, but it is probable they will try anything once. If Upton Sinclair survives the campaign and is elected he will undoubtedly carry out his programme with the untroubled ruthlessness of the clear-souled political scientist. He knows more about the under side of big business than probably any man in the country, and if given a chance to improve it he will not waste his opportunities. If by next Autumn the N.R.A. effort to patch up the old framework has definitely failed, as seems reasonably probable at the moment, then this E.P.I.C. plan of side-stepping the wreck and building a new system out of its fragments may well be given a chance. Then we can watch one more large scale experiment in adapting obsolete political and commercial institutions to the changed economic needs of our modern world. It will be worth watching.

THE C.C.F. IN ALBERTA

By ELMER E. ROPER

LAST night in company with another C.C.F. speaker I attended a meeting in a central Alberta town, eighty-five miles from Edmonton. The hall was filled with eager listeners from the country around about, and a sprinkling of townspeople. When all the benches and improvised seats, made of planks stretched from chair to chair, were occupied, a score of young men stood around the walls at the back and sides of the hall and they stayed there for over three hours, their attention fixed on the speakers and their message.

It was one of those audiences that delight the heart of a speaker. Every attempt at humour was received at more than full value, and every serious bit struck a sympathetic note that was revealed in obvious emotional response. We thought it was all worth the long, cold drive home in the midnight hours.

But when I picked up the December number of THE CANADIAN FORUM today and read, 'The C.C.F. and Alberta Politics', I wondered if last night's experience might not have been a dream or a flight of imagination. But it wasn't. It was just one of many meetings, in various parts of the province, that are a certain index of the place of the C.C.F. in Alberta politics. And the most effective comment I could make about the Forum article is to say that if I had had it with me to read, it would have caused our audience even more amusement than the refer-

ence we were able to make to a juvenile article in the town's weekly, which carried the startling heading, 'C.C.F. Would Wreck Canada'. The only difference would have been that the editor of the local ready-print wrote his article in anticipation of our coming, while no doubt Mr. S. Delbert Clark is as ignorant of our existence as I was of his until I read his amazing article.

I don't know how any collection of paragraphs could more inaccurately describe a situation than those contained in Mr. Clark's article. As I go through it I can find no evidence of any understanding of the attitude of the average Alberta farmer, nor any indication of any knowledge of the general situation in Alberta politics.

Take, for example, the reference to the Farmers' Unity League. I am sure any eastern reader could only get the impression from Mr. Clark that the F.U.L. is the dominating organization among the farmers of Alberta. But nothing could be farther from the truth than that. I have been in meetings in representative sections of the whole province and am confident that except in the Ukrainian settlements, and a very few English-speaking areas north and west of Edmonton, the average Alberta farmer hasn't even heard of the F.U.L. One knows where the Communist F.U.L. members are. They don't miss any C.C.F. meetings in their vicinity.

One would need to quote the article almost sen-

tence by sentence to deal with all of Mr. Clark's inaccurate descriptions and faulty reasoning. I will refer to two statements only as typical of nearly all. The first deals with the farmer's attitude toward Labour: 'Carnegie nor Henry Ford never uttered an indictment of Labour unions so devastating as that which floats on the lips of most farmers.'

If that attitude exists to any extensive degree in Alberta, I am bound to say that the farmers with whom I come in contact make a very good job of keeping their hatred of Labour concealed from me. And isn't it a bit strange that with such antipathy uppermost in the minds of 'most' Alberta farmers, there should be such a demand for Labour speakers in the farming communities? Some of us are being run ragged trying to meet the many calls for our men in the country districts. I say categorically that Mr. Clark's statement regarding the attitude of Alberta farmers toward organized labour is not even remotely true. I doubt if it ever was true. It certainly is not now.

And then there is the statement that so inaccurately states the Labour attitude to the farmer: 'It is the task of the C.C.F. to make Labour realize that successful state planning does not necessarily involve the destruction of non-profiteering agriculturists.'

The absurdity of such words is apparent without much comment. In the first place, Labour in Alberta is doing its share of performing 'the task of the C.C.F.' And in the exercise of that duty we have not yet encountered the necessity of combatting any idea that state planning involves 'the destruction of non-profiteering agriculturists'. Our people in the Labour Movement in this province have a very clear conception of the position and problems of the prairie farmer in our economic life. Their understanding of the forces that operate in capitalist society causes them to realize that the same economic circumstances that have built the breadlines and soup kitchens have also encompassed the dirt farmer in bankruptcy. And our Labour people, regardless of how steeped some of them may be in Marxian philosophy, are not worrying themselves about collectivization of agriculture or anything else which may involve the farmer's 'destruction'. Labour people and agrarians both know that individual family farming is not responsible for the plight of the farmer.

What, I wonder, can Mr. Clark mean by his reference to some vague fear of 'destruction' which he thinks lurks in the mind of the farmer as he contemplates the implications of the C.C.F.? He says: 'Social control, in so far as it strengthens his (the farmer's) position, will be acceptable; but when such control threatens him with destruction he will be on the other side.' And why not? The refusal of the farmer to commit economic hari-kari can scarcely be accepted as proof of his lack of social consciousness.

The organization known as the United Farmers of Alberta was one of the foundation groups of the C.C.F. It is quite possible that if there had been no U.F.A. there would have been no C.C.F. In Alberta the U.F.A. and the Labour Party constitute the bulk of C.C.F. membership. For twelve years such men as Gardiner, Garland, Irvine, Coote, and Spencer have represented Alberta farmers in the House of Commons, and have promulgated their brand of

Canadian Socialism with as much vigour in their constituencies as they have in Parliament. To draw attention to the fact that their constituents like it, is the simplest answer one can give to the weird foggiest of Mr. Clark's attempt to describe the reactions of Alberta people to the C.C.F.

Since the annual convention of the U.F.A. last January the United Farmers' organization has nearly trebled its membership. New locals have been formed and old ones revived—partly under the inspiration of the C.C.F. Some idea of the interest which our farmers are displaying in the C.C.F. may be gathered from the experiences of our speakers. In the latter part of last winter a Labour colleague and myself addressed a meeting in a town in the Valley of the Pembina, northwest of Edmonton. It was twenty below zero and our hopes of having a good audience were almost as cold as our feet at the end of a hundred mile drive. But to our amazement the seats in the community hall were filled when we arrived and by the time the meeting started the place was crowded to capacity with several hundred eagerly attentive farmers, some of whom had driven as far as twenty miles in sleighs to attend the meeting. For nearly four hours they listened and asked questions. The interest was intense and the enthusiasm amazingly keen.

Possibly I should tell the sequel to this story as a sidelight on our subject. In the open season for Alberta meetings, between seed time and harvest, a former Liberal federal cabinet minister and the leader of the Liberal Party in the province journeyed to the same town to hold a meeting. Exactly twenty-two people, including those on the platform, were in the hall.

A C.C.F. meeting anywhere in Alberta means a crowded hall and an interested, enthusiastic audience. And I speak from some experience when I say that in no Alberta audience, rural or urban, will one encounter such foggy thinking as that which characterized Mr. Clark's article.

In the field of federal affairs the C.C.F. offers little that is new to Alberta people, urban or rural. The fundamental proposals contained in the C.C.F. programme have been advocated by both Farmer and Labour organizations in the province for some years. And so there is not very much room for speculation about the reaction Alberta people will make to the C.C.F. appeal. It will be a reaction not very different from those of the past twelve years when almost a solid block of U.F.A. members have been sent to Ottawa.

In the provincial field, however, the political prophet will find it more difficult to predict what may happen before 1935 when the term of the present legislature expires. Undoubtedly there is a wide and growing and very insistent demand from many U.F.A. people for some sort of action that will relate the C.C.F. to provincial affairs. The present position is one in which there exists in many minds a grave doubt as to whether it is possible for the U.F.A. to be ardently C.C.F. in the federal field and something else provincially. It is a problem for the U.F.A., but the settlement of it will have a vital bearing on the future fortunes of the C.C.F. as a whole in this province.

Alberta people have a right to resent the opening sentence of Mr. Clark's article. The voters of this

province have proven themselves during the past dozen years to be more politically conscious than the people of any other part of Canada. And at no time has their interest in political affairs been dependent upon the evil breath of scandal. In school houses and community halls in the remote sections of Alberta our farmers have schooled themselves to a remarkable general knowledge of economic reali-

ties. In the cities and industrial areas Labour has left its mark on the thinking of the people. It is upon this foundation of sound education in the fundamentals of Socialist economics that the C.C.F. in this province is built. It would be too bad to have any other impression created by a magazine article that was nearer to being one hundred per cent. wrong than anything I have ever seen.

SONNET SEQUENCE

Part Two

By HELEN GEDDES

XVI

The end contains the means. Weigh with nice care
One and the other germane to this plan:
For not the wit of men with all it can,
Is potent their inclusion to repair.
Concede the goal incomparably fair
And weave to pattern; with such threads as man
Has chosen, when raw circumstance began
To crowd delay upon him and despair.

The web is flawed, weaver, the web is flawed:
When time and fate against it shall conspire
In stresses powerful to show its worth,
This handsome fabric worthy men applaud,
And those so privileged put out to hire,
Is ripped across, over confiding earth.

XVII

Since first along its orbit the bright cloud
Drove, whirling, two procedures have been known
For shaping all that comes to be; alone
Is neither found sufficient. One, the loud
And sudden burst where straining forces crowd
Each on the other. And again, slow-grown
Infinitesimal alteration, shown
Through timeless aeons, flares t'ward time's discard.

Bring this to pass; that strength will yield its
strength,
And life lay down its life, and power its place,
By understanding in the trend of fate;
No shining age of gold which comes at length
Will overpass the wonder of our days,
That men foresee a close to ageless hate.

XVIII

Have and Have-not envisage ravin war;
Have crouches on the spoil, and in his throat
Is heard the rumbling of the thunder-note,
Presage of battle which is yet afar:
And Have-not, swift to snap, and swift before
The plunge half meant, to smooch his starting coat
And slink back, is not heated to devote
His barren life under the fiery star.

By envy and by dull suspicion fed
Their courage warms against that fatal hour,
End for the rotten world a tap will crush:
Under a beacon star of flaming red
Have-not comes in with time's unfolding power,
And every strength goes down before his rush.

XIX

But little space is left for grave designs
Till the slow-running engine of our toil
Will seize, for lack of monetary oil
To send its process forward. One maligns
Our rulers, who before the painful tines
Of this dilemma, swathe themselves with coil,
For armour, of bright words. And one at spoil,
Financial or industrial, repines.

And all condemn some other; thrift of waste,
Investment, borrowing, war, tariff, debt,
Inflation or deflation, high finance,
Or high taxation; each wherein his taste
His circumstances and opinions let:
And all are part of his inheritance.

XX

What potency in occupation lies,
That forms a world subservient to its rules,
Creates anew the paradise of fools.
From the concerted effort of the wise.
Its walls by misconception as they rise
Are laid and mortared: as tradition cools
We recognize the pattern for our tools,
One coin of life, that should the whole comprise.

The shifting undulations of the years
One usage of another set in awe,
Lodestar and formal image of the time;
Its discommodities our common fears,
Its formulae an everlasting law—
Until outmoded by another's prime.

XXI

They say that commerce grows to slough its wrong
And, bursting through the crevices of law
To that majestic height no act foresaw;
Knits up the people with its fibre strong. . . .
In concentrated management belong
Wise use and skilful action, such as draw
Best means to finest ends, prevent each flaw,
And train to fair design a formless throng.

With sap congested in the channel wall
Both leaf and root alike surfeit and lack
Endure together; slowly shrink and fail,
The conduit as a sponge absorbing all,
Malignant to the general growth and slack
To guess its wasting for the common ail.

XXII

We made contrivance do the work of ten,
And ten were squandered upon charity;
Their children lived, as chance might set them free,
Preferring the device to other men:
Yet no man is the gainer; useless then
Was death for these, for their posterity
An empty occupation, revelry,
Each for himself, and hunger come again.

The shadow of futility is thrown
On all the paths we follow, and complain
That none repays the effort to pursue:
Of faery gold each unsufficing gain,
The field of life that once we held in view
A mirage, or a story-book outgrown,

XXIII

Where lies the gain, approval to reform?
Let but the means of purchasing be made
Stable to our production, fear is laid;
Advised finance should navigate the storm
And bring us out, to that well-managed norm
Where goods and currency are smoothly weighed
In equal balance when the price is paid;
So every man were busied, fed, and warm.

Or falls it so? What golden guarantee,
What index though laboriously wrought,
In times when price observed a mean degree
Pledged cunning men to serve their tribe for nought,
Got fools with wisdom, set the servile free,
Or counted base success too dearly bought?

XXIV

Alike the man who buys and him who sells
Juggling with specious futures and with gains
On subtleties of margin or exchange,
The logic of his sorceries compels.
Suave evocations of numeric spells
Labour unintermittently, to range
New symbols of possession: he maintains
A skilful path between alternate hells.

He gathers in the while, his prudent store
Of paper equals to material good
And others' debts, adding yet more to more
Unbounded claims, in faith sent on before
To nourish future life. By other shore
The mourners launch their craft and fire the wood.

XXV

In every land the hungry cry for bread
And have the stone of grudging charity,
Whereon the giver with a jealous eye
Peers, lest his ease should be uncomfortable.
'Then why should not these labour and be fed
'Who lack but money, from heaped stores to buy?'
'Can they return it with the usury?'
'For we, if they should fail, are bankrupted.'

As every man would build his morrows safe,
So, no man looks about him with content
Until his goods increase and multiply:
While his lean gifts corrupt the hungry waif

So intricately is his money lent
He lacks enough to meet its usury.

XXVI

It does not pay to bring the nations bread;
For with each lowering of the produce cost
Another customer is also lost,
Who must be paid, to pay that he be fed.
The market has become an overhead
Into whose maw all profits have been tossed.
Every producer feels a cutting frost
Strike all his fine enthusiasms dead.

Now, if we are to live, and eat, and lie
Under a roof that keeps the weather out,
Somewhat more warmly wrapped than nature gave,
We as a people, need our wants supply,
By what we make within or trade without,
In tempered routine, wealth and heart to save.

XXVII

As proven men grow ever amative
Of place, the wise designers who arrayed
That myriad-nerved system by whose aid
Mankind now functions, claim that we should give
Their strong technique its scope infinitive:
For to each man the matter of his trade
Is all the world, for it the world was made,
And by its exercise his soul must live.

Not unreservedly that right proclaim,
Until control of purpose, once bestowed
In single occupation, with no check,
Has bound our children to subserve an aim
Alien and tyrannic, while their road
Goes down to such another futile wreck.

XXVIII

The power that bends the nations to its will
The economic force, the belly's need,
Waited upon by fear and sloth and greed,
Dreams of the Garden and the City still:
And these it follows steadfastly, until
The shapes t'ward which it drove the stubborn seed
Harden at last into the monstrous deed
That surfeits earth with fraud and evil will.

So it goes forward to the vision's end,
Strong to break up the bonds itself has made
Subtle to enter by another way;
All men it fashions whither it will tend;
Will they or no, unable to evade
The promise and the threat of this new day.

XXIX

He who would renovate the things of man
To balanced pattern, now begins to find
Evolving from confusion into mind
The planned society; itself to plan,
To supervise, to correlate, to ban,
Every activity in every kind
That all to such dimensions be confined
As makes each part sufficient. Understand

That we are come to crossroads. For the goal
Of either way is industry the state
And its minute necessities our law;
This is our only power over fate,
The choice that every shifting era saw,
Our value for an individual soul.

XXX

In every path a social earth affords
To any man essaying any part
One method gives its cogence to his art,
His own decisions are his own rewards:
Fast in the chains to whatsoever lords
Command the worship of his secret heart,
Finding the end determined from the start,
Attaining strength and knowledge, afterwards,

Confusion is confounded by his guess,
His wisdom plumbs the chasm, to no end,
His skill in prudence undermines the way:—

Perhaps, to build the failing earth afresh,
Guide the event, as he may comprehend
The equipoise of his humanity.

XXXI

When all our garden ground has flowered rue
And shaken is the earth on which we trust,
Easy to say, this comes because our lust
Has wandered from the ways that childhood knew.
The cry of former generations too
Was this, when courage wavered, till the dust
Stopped up their throats; this was the creeping rust
That rotted judgement out, and overthrew.

Whether to win the venture or to lose
We have no way but to go forward still
Toward the issue: if we would refuse
It waits for us, to die or to decide
Conjoin clear eyesight to a steadfast will,—
And quiet lies upon the other side.

RIDERS

By FREDERICK PHILIP GROVE

WHEN Archibald Langford left Carvil, Ontario, to run over to Woodrow, where he judged it expedient to look up a number of prospects for life-insurance, it was a dismal, drizzly afternoon in the forepart of November. He was a large man and still young; but he did not look cheerful, for business had been bad for a long while now; yet, as he had said to himself when he filled his gas-tank at the familiar service station where they gave him a special discount, 'Nothing venture, nothing win'; after all, he had so far, by dint of calling on prospects, succeeded in keeping the wolf from the door.

Just as, in leaving Carvil, he was taking the last right-angled turn south, he saw a huge truck with an equally huge trailer backing out from a lane at the end of the short street ahead of him; it so blocked the road that he had to apply his brakes sharply.

When, after reaching forward for the lever of the emergency-brake, he straightened up, his casual glance fell on the back of a pedestrian to his right. One thing, and one only, betrayed him to be a member of the huge army of workless men who were tramping the roads: he carried a bundle neatly rolled up in black oil-cloth and slung, by a leather strap, over his shoulders. Apart from that, he might have been mistaken for a clerk with a modest but comfortable salary, or for an agent who was out canvassing like Langford himself. The trousers, though now soaked by the rain, still showed a trace of having been neatly pressed; his tweed coat was provided with a beaver collar; his feet were shod with stout, serviceable shoes; his head covered by a dark-brown soft-felt hat which, though sodden, was not dirty.

Langford was not in the habit of offering rides to pedestrians; but he had so sharply slowed down and edged over to his right, in order not to run into truck or trailer, that the very motion of his car

looked like an invitation; and as such the pedestrian had already taken it, for he turned and raised his hand to the latch of the door.

Even now Langford would, in times gone-by, have stepped deliberately on the accelerator and shot past, for the truck was swinging around and clearing a passage for him. As it was, he applied the foot-brake once more and stopped.

To his surprise, the stranger greeted him with a friendly, "Hello, Lang!" and, seeing that the latter failed to recognize him, went on, "You don't remember me? Gardiner, Reg Gardiner. We pressed the school-bench together."

"Well, I declare!" Langford said critically. He remembered, of course. Reg Gardiner had been the star pupil in the little school north of Carvil and later at high school, always heading his class and even taking an inspectorial scholarship once. "How do you get here?"

"Came back from the west about a year ago," Gardiner replied as he settled into the seat. "Trying to find something to do."

"Walked it?"

"Mostly, yes. Got a ride now and then; and at other times took one."

"I see." The car was getting under way again. "And where are you going now?"

"To Woodrow. They are building a bridge there." "If that's what you are counting on, I can save you the trouble. They've got their own unemployed and refuse to give work to transients."

"I know," Gardiner replied. "Doesn't matter. I've got to get a roof over my head. I'll go on anyway."

"Are you sure of a roof at Woodrow?"

"As sure as at any other town where I haven't been yet."

"How do you mean?"

"At the jail. They give you twenty-four hours; then you've got to move on. The jails are rapidly

replacing the old-fashioned boarding houses. If the jailers or the police were a little better-bred and had seen a little more of life, it wouldn't be half bad.'

'But how in the world did you come down to that sort of thing?'

'Well,' Gardiner replied with a whimsical smile, 'that's quite a story; though a thousand men who're on the road could tell you one more or less like mine.'

'You may remember that I wanted to study medicine. Since my father died just when I finished high school, I made up my mind to put myself through medical college. So I got a teacher's certificate and went west to Saskatchewan. For a number of years, I taught in a rural school and laid by money. Meanwhile, since I had lots of spare time and plenty of ambition, I took an extramural course in Arts, in the provincial university. Then two crop failures followed each other in my district. I helped some of the farmers out by loaning them money. That was before the depression started. Since, in a medical course, I should have had to attend in order to get the lab work, I changed my aim. I now made up my mind to become a high-school teacher. That would involve no more than one additional year at Normal. I must mention, too, that I was sending my mother small amounts regularly.'

'Then suddenly, about three years ago, the price of wheat broke and everything seemed to go to pieces. At Christmas I had to take a cut in my salary from eleven hundred to four hundred and fifty; in March I was told that they would have to close school. I tried to collect what I had loaned those farmers; there wasn't a ghost of a chance. Still, I had money in the bank and never doubted that I could get another school. But the province was cutting down on the grants; and I soon learned that mine was far from being an isolated case. Wherever a school was vacant and able to go on, hundreds of unemployed teachers applied. I went to Saskatoon to finish my Arts course; and in May I took my degree. By that time I was thoroughly scared. My mother found herself unable to sell or rent the farm; and to secure her from want, I raised my monthly remittance. Strange to say, I foresaw just what was coming. So I put the remainder of my money into the hands of a trust company where henceforth I couldn't touch it myself, with instructions to let my mother have twenty dollars a month for as long as the funds lasted. I had made up my mind to face the situation once for all. I kept a hundred dollars which I have never yet touched and a little loose change. I tried to get work, any kind of work. For months I walked about in Winnipeg, where I went at last, getting an occasional job, sometimes for a day, sometimes for a week. Once I substituted for a bottler in a dairy while the man regularly employed took a holiday; and meanwhile I applied for every school that advertised a vacancy, rural school, town school, public school, high school—till I had to drop the high schools from my list because they would no longer allow any but fully qualified teachers to take those positions; and I still had a year's normal training to take.'

'Around Christmas, a year ago, I started east, afoot. It took me two weeks to get to Fort William. I'd never have made it at all if I hadn't fallen in

with a couple of chaps who knew more about living on the road than I did, for farms are scarce the last hundred and fifty miles. We had huge fires at night; we carried a few frozen provisions; and tea which we made in tin cans.'

'At Fort William, we canvassed for work, of course; and the funny thing was that I got a job on my first enquiry; but it took me back to Winnipeg, for it consisted in keeping a stove going in a heated freight car loaded with vegetables. In return I got three dollars and a ticket from Winnipeg back to Fort William. I couldn't afford to let three dollars go by, even at the risk of being separated from my pals who, however, promised to wait for me if they could. When, three days later, I returned to Fort William, they were gone, leaving a note for me at the post office. The police had got them and given them the usual twenty-four hours to clear out in. Not knowing what to do, and being unwilling to spend even a fraction of what little money I had left, apart from that hundred which I carried sewn into the top of my boots, I started after them, for I was still mortally afraid of the police.'

'During the first part of that tramp, up to Nipigon, I usually found a night's shelter with a settler, though, occasionally, I had to creep into a barn or stable by stealth. Most of the settlers, however, are foreigners up there; and foreigners are hospitable. Then settlements became scarcer again, and the landscape rougher; and I began to suffer a good deal, from sore feet—they were mostly cold and wet—from hunger, frost, and intestinal troubles. I must have looked laughable in that wilderness, in my overcoat and my school-suit. But I kept on; and near a place called Jackfish, to my great joy, I caught up with my former pals who greeted me like a brother.'

'They had come to adopt a policy the exact reverse of my own: I had stuck to the open country, both for provisioning and for shelter at night; they had made it a point to reach some village or town before dark; and there they demanded a night's lodging as a matter of right; at least wherever there was a jail. From then on we combined the two methods, for we did find it easier to get an occasional square meal in the country. If it hadn't been cold; and if there hadn't been so much snow, the next two months would have been quite a lark, though I worried a good deal. My pals had nothing to worry about and thoroughly enjoyed themselves at times. It is true, their morals suffered, for we had an occasional chicken for dinner; and though I forebore to enquire, I inferred from the jokes they had between them that they had not asked the rightful owner for permission to invite it to come along. On the other hand, we often skipped a meal or two; but that we took in good part. What did it matter? What worried me was that my clothes were rapidly deteriorating; that I was losing the habit of regular work; and that my attitude towards society was becoming that of the underdog.'

'At last we reached Sudbury, in March; and there my pals got themselves into a scrape by joining a bunch of unemployed who were out for trouble. I was arrested with them; but they let me go, whereas my pals were sent up for a couple of months. Since I was given the usual twenty-four hours to leave the town, we were separated; and

**MOTHER AND CHILD****By PARESKEVA**

since then I've been on my own, though once or twice I have joined a bunch that was camping here or there in the bush.

'When, last spring, I came into this part of the country, I might have gone home; but I'd never yet told my mother about my predicament. She was still receiving her monthly cheques from the trust company; and I didn't have the heart to undeceive her in her belief that I was doing well. Call it pride, call it what you will. I knew she was telling her neighbours of her son who was a graduate of a great university and whose remittances saved her from the necessity of applying for relief.

'Meanwhile I had occasional work. Once I picked corn stalks and roots from a field for a week, having a good bed to sleep in, good meals to eat, and a dollar a day besides; on another occasion I set out strawberry plants for a farmer. It was amazing to me that there were actually people left, apart from the sharks whom I saw on the highways, travelling about in high-powered cars—people who simply operated farms. It was a wholesome lesson; for when you are on the road, as I've now been for so long, you lose all proper perspective; you feel that this is the end of everything; that the world has gone crazy; that it consists simply of the poor and honest and the rich and crooked; both are on the road: the former afoot and the latter in cars; there is not only no change in sight; there is no change possible. You begin to face the possibility of having to go on this way for the rest of your life. I am still shaving when I get the chance; I have asked to be allowed to have a bath, in a strange house where people were kind to me when I asked for food. I never ask any longer for a night's accommodation; I don't think it fair to the people who know nothing about me. As I said, I still have that hundred dollars which will equip me with decent clothes should the need for them arise. When I am offered a ride, as by yourself, I still take it. There are thousands who don't any longer. For what does it matter where we are? We are on the road, and the road has no end; we have no goal; there is nothing waiting for us anywhere. We are the offal of society, cast away, spewed forth into the gutter; and all we can do is to obey gravity, running down, down, down.

'That's the way most of us feel; and I often wonder whether I'll feel that way myself one day. So far my education saves me; and I keep up my morale. But there are times, moments only, so far, when I feel it slipping. That is when people take it upon themselves to lecture me; or when they call me a bum or express their surprise at seeing an able-bodied man on the road, begging, as they express it, instead of working and laying up money to buy a car.

'I've tried to write down my feelings and experiences; but I have no typewriter, of course; and once, when I found one at a farm where I was working for a few days, I spent a Sunday typing out a sketch, hitting the keys with a single finger. That sketch has made the rounds of all the Canadian magazines and of dozens of dailies: nobody wants it. I suppose nobody wants the truth about us unemployed: they prefer to look at us from a distance and with the eye of suspicion. They don't want to hear that what keeps them comfortably employed may not be superior ability at all but just plain luck.'

Gardiner ceased and sat, looking straight ahead.

By this time they were passing through a little village just north of Woodrow; and the town lay ahead of them. The rain came down more thickly now; the road was flanked by huge maples; and every now and then a raw gust of wind sent a pattering shower of heavy drops from the twigs and branches overhead down on the top of the car.

Langford was moved and wished to say something, he hardly knew what. At last he stammered, 'Say, old boy; I've got to see a few people in this burg. If you care to stay in the car and come back with me, I could put you up for the night.'

'No,' Gardiner replied. 'If you could offer me a job, be it ever so humble, I'd come. Washing dishes, sweeping floors, working around a barn. Anything, so long as it takes me off the road for at least a few months. Otherwise, what does it matter? I can sleep here as well as at Carvil; my clothes will dry as well here. Why should I turn back? I haven't been down in this part of the country. Might just as well see what it's like. But thanks, just the same.'

A few minutes later, Langford stopped in the centre of the town, and Gardiner got out of the car.

'Thanks for the ride,' he said with a peculiar smile.

'I wish . . .'

'I know, I know. It's no use.'

'I'd like to give you something, for old times' sake. A quarter. Half a dollar. . . . I'm hard up myself. All I can do these days is keep just above water.'

'I know,' Gardiner repeated. 'Everybody says the same thing. But, if it makes you feel better, I'll take that quarter. No, not the half. Wait,' he added as the other man found he had no smaller coin. 'I'll get the change in this store.'

Three hours later Langford was striking north again to return to Carvil. He had been in luck and secured an application for a one-thousand-dollar policy from the foreman of a canning factory. He felt elated; and the memory of Gardiner's tale was subsiding.

But just as, in the murk of the rainy night, he was swinging north, on to the highway, his headlights brushed over the strained face of a pedestrian who was half turning and raising his hand for a ride.

Gardiner's tale had had this effect upon Langford that he promptly slowed down and stopped, reaching over and opening the door of his car.

'Where are you going?' he asked.

'To Carvil.'

'Looking for work?'

'Yes. There's work on a railway embankment, they say.'

'There's work; but every job is taken. I happen to know. There's work here at Woodrow.'

'They're using only resident labour.'

'Same at Carvil. I know. I live there.'

'Well—this rather impatiently—'doesn't matter. Do I get the ride?'

Langford moved back to the driver's seat; and the stranger got in.

'I can't quite see what's the use,' Langford said, frowning.

'There isn't any,' the stranger replied morosely, 'except that for half an hour I'll be out of the rain.'

COLONIAL LITERATURE: A FALSE ANALOGY

By HUGH LUNDIE

THE recent, much-publicized remark of Bernard Shaw to a group of visiting Canadian authors—which may be paraphrased briefly thus, that Canada has neither authors nor a literature—has stirred up once again the old discussion about the quality of Colonial literature.

It has produced also the usual analogy—which I think to be largely a false one—between the history of European and Colonial cultures.

The argument runs thus: the culture which any European country has evolved is the flowering of long periods of growth, intellectual development, and material prosperity with its accompanying formation of leisure classes with the time for cultural interests.

It continues thus: the Colonial countries are new, still largely in the pioneer stage, with little leisure for artistic development; with populations too busy with the struggle of life to afford an audience for any creative writer—with, therefore, no profitable markets for intellectual creations; further, that the pioneer type will have pioneer minds—minds that not only are unable to appreciate the abstract qualities of truth and beauty, but sometimes, indeed frequently, actually attack the productions containing such qualities.

It concludes thus: that Colonial nations will produce almost nothing of either intellectual or artistic worth until, through the slow unfolding of decades and centuries, the conditions necessary for the production of genuine culture—time, prosperity, leisure—will have been attained.

So the argument runs. The analogy seems a true one. But is it so? Let us consider, say, the history, and particularly the cultural history, of nations such as England or France. We can begin our examination when they were emerging from that period when, as Will Durant has said, 'for a thousand years darkness brooded over the face of Europe'—when the glory of Greece was forgotten, and the grandeur of Rome lost beneath barbarian chaos. The vast proportion of the populations of these peoples lived under conditions that to us, now, seem frightful. Disease took dreadful numbers, wars more, and those who did manage to live out their lives did so in a manner which no modern industrial 'slave' would envy. Above them we find ruling classes more conspicuous for brutality, display, and arrogance, than for culture and thought. Few were educated, and of those who could read and write, and had enquiring minds, what a poverty of intellectual sustenance!

Slowly, through long ages, now advancing, now retreating, the conscience of man asserted itself—different moral and intellectual qualities were esteemed by continually increasing, more influential bodies of men and women. Culture was the possession of a continuing leisure class. But still, if we open our histories at various epochs along the way of modern history, what conditions do we find! How vast a mass of men doomed to eke out pitiful lives, without hope, without education, without any of the graces which only make life tolerable! And among

the ruling classes—what prejudice, what ignorance!

Slowly, however, the world progressed. Education was the birthright of more and more people. Prosperity became more general. Mind became freer as hampering conditions were thrown aside. At certain great epochs, the spirit of man overflowed in one of those great effusions of cultural creation which make the intellectual heritage of an England or a France so splendid a thing to behold. Everywhere, it seems—Taine was right—the conditions that precede culture produce culture.

Now we turn to the 'newer' nations, to the Colonial countries—and the analogy runs: they too must go through this long evolution, then they too in their turn will produce a national consciousness, a distinctive cultural contribution to the great stream of world-culture.

It seems so—once again. But is it so?

I live in a part of Canada—the west—that is certainly a 'pioneer' section. Not far from me lives a woman—and not an extremely old woman—who was the first white child born in this section of the country. I can walk a few miles out from my home and see many well-cultivated farms, wide-stretching fields of golden grain, where forty or fifty years ago there was only unbroken wilderness. I can meet men every day on the street who can remember when there was scarcely a house to be seen anywhere in this district.

As a boy of five I went to a school—and a good school—with some thousand other children whose homes were situated in a valley where fifty years before there was—nothing.

A 'pioneer' land, you will agree?

Yet it bears, now, but little of the appearance of a pioneer land. Modern conditions are totally different from the conditions in which older countries began. Here is a new land. Into it flow a great, an increasing horde of settlers. These men are pioneers—but they bear with them the traditions of a fully-developed culture. They settle. Modern machinery transforms a wilderness in an almost incredibly short time into a cultivated, settled land. Towns arise. Cities spread out across the miles. Schools are built. Universities spring up.

In the place of my birth the generation that preceded mine were eminently pioneers. But I, one unit in the succeeding generation, found in the life that awaited me scarcely a trace of pioneer conditions, my home, the homes of all the children of my generation were not much different from the homes of children born into a society a thousand years old. The school which I attended was not greatly different from the public schools of the great cities of the old world. In it I received an education as good, save perhaps in the study of European languages, as that received by any English or French boy of the same class. My cultural heritage was very similar. Beyond that school waited, if I wished to attend it, an university that was, certainly, new—but which, equally certainly, offered to its students an intellectual stimulus not inferior to that provided by much older institutions.

What of the society into which I passed? It bore

no trace of the pioneer strain. Men and women lived here much as they did in the oldest countries. To the small minority—and that minority is small everywhere—who cared for the things of the mind, there was an intellectual association not much different from what would have met them anywhere else in the world.

Not far from me there is a small city—what, in England, would be called a 'town'. It has a population of an hundred thousand. Not fifty years ago it resembled nothing so much as a few flimsy shacks built over a cow pasture. I believe, if a cultural census were taken, the proportion of intelligent, moderately cultured people per unit of population would not differ very greatly from that in some provincial English town.

That cultured minority lives under conditions very similar to those surrounding the same minority in our hypothetical English town. A large library serves them, music is found in several civic orchestras and other musical organizations, three or four Little Theatre groups as well as 'road shows' bring them the stimulus of fine drama. For the prosperous commercial classes, for the members of the professions, there is as much leisure as similar classes have in England or in France—and they make much the same use of it.

The analogy, then, is simply not true. The 'new' nations do not have to create a culture—they inherit one. It is their task to add to it, merely. Modern conditions bring a speedy standardization of life everywhere, the pioneer stages last but for a few years. Nor is material prosperity slow in coming, the culmination of centuries of evolution. Under that last head, it is sufficient to point out that here, in a pioneer land, many of our richest, most influential citizens are precisely those pioneers. In Canada, in the West, forty or fifty years after the opening up of the country, the great mass of the population—before the coming of the depression, at any rate—enjoyed not only an universal education system, but almost the highest standard of living in the world's history. In these 'new' countries, then, the conditions that have always preceded the flowering of a culture are there.

It is sometimes said that Colonial authors suffer a severe disadvantage because of the smallness of the 'home' market. Yet any sincere and powerful creative Colonial artist can look to an audience which is the greatest, perhaps, any writer has ever had—the audience of the entire English-speaking nations. Katherine Mansfield's books were not sold only to New Zealanders, nor were those of Olive Schreiner known only in South Africa. Let any Canadian or Australian novelist create a work that is sufficiently fine—and he will not lack either an audience or the financial returns of a large sale.

It is said, again, that Colonial nations, being new, are 'provincial'. Any work that is not sweetly sentimental, suitable for dear old ladies to read, will have no chance—so runs the argument. But I think new nations are not alone in having a large section of the population with minds best described as 'provincial'. Here, once again, if the work is good enough, the artist need not fear 'provincialism'; if it is good enough, he will find a sufficiency of sympathetic readers, in more than one country.

Lastly—which is merely an extension of the last

argument—comes the statement that in 'pioneer' nations the artist who is either daring or realistic will meet with nothing but a most frigid reception, if his books are not banned by an excessively moral government. The United States—a 'new' nation—has always been referred to as a particularly infuriating example of this. Yet one wonders if the difficulties of a Theodore Dreiser or a James Branch Cabell were any worse than those experienced by a D. H. Lawrence or a James Joyce—or, to go back a good number of years, those experienced by a Maupassant or a Flaubert?

The conditions under which the genuine literary artist works are only very occasionally entirely favourable. More often he toils under severe handicaps, sometimes through the stress of personal misfortune, poverty, or lack of sympathetic appreciation; very often in a world that has but little use, if any, for him—in which he carries on his endeavours in the face of almost unbearable indifference, and even active opposition. The conditions under which any Colonial artist must work are not, in my opinion, such as to stunt his talent. That will only happen if the man is small.

The fertile soil from which artistic productions most healthily spring, lies waiting, in Colonial nations, for the germinating ferment of genius. The next few years may see the rising of an Australian Dreiser, a South African Lewis, or—who knows?—a Canadian Shaw. They may see the emergence of a genius greater than any of these. But if that does happen, it will be because these future creative writers were not daunted by the cry that 'Nothing good can come out of Colonia!'—it will be because, accepting the conditions under which they must write, they yet went on, with invulnerable strength of soul, to write new and splendid pages in the great book which is the testament of man.

MANUSCRIPT

The earth writes, unperturbedly,
And punctuates with seasons;
Winter inquires, spring affirms,
Summer exclaims, autumn begins the questioning again.

Austere interrogation, warm 'yes',
Fervent avowal, then chilling doubt,
But all the while, earth writes,
Erasing here, obliterating there,
Or piling sheet on sheet, in time's long manuscript.

ELINOR LENNEN

QUESTION

Which the more quiet
Plains after drouth,
Or the shocking silence
Of a new dead mouth. . . ?

BERTRAM A. CHAMBERS

THE UNANIMOUS ISLAND

A Fantasy

By GERDDA NELS

AN indeterminate Jellyfish was tossed high into the air on the spume of a grandiose wave. He suspended himself above the ocean by sheer indifference. He allowed himself to be caught up into the excessiveness of sea vapors. He floated over the Unanimous Island, and even permitted his icy eye to rest upon it. The Island was a rounded skyscraper set on the crawling sea. It was a thin sound swelling to uproar. The stuff of the Island was plain brown rock.

On the flaring top was a blossomy paradise. It founted out from a central brightness. Ineffable swirling trees met and passed through each other, flinging up sprays of pollen.

Far below, around the downward tapering rock, there was a shelf. On it lived the unanimous people who had no need of anything. They neither ate nor drank. Nothing of theirs was half finished. There was no messing about. There was no experimenting.

Their shelf was not attached to the rock; it spun about it. It was made of great planks of wood, 444 feet in length, raying out from the central rock, and wheeling about it sequentially. Tradition did it: each plank followed the plank before it.

At exactly the same speed a ring of houses pivoted solemnly about the rock. Each house was accompanied by a truncated triangle of bright green grass, by several garden benches, and by several clipped trees in painted tubs; all pivoting. They were well ordered facts in an unanswerable argument.

Their swivelling undermined the Jellyfish's poise. He fell, impotent, upon the spinning shelf and was spun by it. For him it ceased to spin.

He saw the unanimous people walking through a motionless wholeness; treading their boardwalk where the planks lay bare of grass and trees and garden benches. A wall, solid with leaves, marked the circumference of the shelf. It was the End. Beyond was the Isn't; a mirroring fantasy of the Is.

The unanimous people avoided the wall. They set one foot before the other; necks tipped back; eyes fixed on a static silhouette crowning the rock; arboreal shapes thrust into a sagging sky. Sometimes a lip would move, counting.

Alexander only was not in circulation. He sat. Now and again he leaned toward his canvas, making tempery dabbing smears. Alexander was an over-ardent youth. His breathing rattled with asthma.

Cautiously the Jellyfish changed himself into a recumbent old man in baggy inexact clothing. With great effort he organized some sort of a face for himself, and a pair of hands. There it ended. Under the clothes and inside of the shoes he was still jelly. He grunted.

'Hello!' Alexander swung around on his stool. His eye brightened with at-first-sightedness. 'I wish I could lie down like that!' he said admiringly. 'I mean so—utterly!'

'It occurs to me at the moment,' observed the Jellyfish, 'that sitting is a ridiculous position. It is neither the one thing nor the other. Perhaps there

is something very profound about it. I'll not say there isn't.'

'They'll never get me to circulate!' cried Alexander.

An old woman stopped, all a-dither, beside the easel. She greeted Alexander.

'I have just made a notable discovery,' she said. 'Did you make the third afternoon circuit with our Leader? No, I suppose not. Well, he was comparing the number of pointed trees in the paradise with the number of rounded ones. It is two to one. Wonderfully thought-provoking! But it was afterwards, as I did a round on my own, just as I was passing this spot—'

'I am bored,' said the Jellyfish, 'by narrative.'

'Just then,' continued the old woman, 'I saw for the first time that group of trees; see, right up there; is identical with a group exactly on the other side of the rock! In all my trips round I never noticed that before!'

'Oh,' said Alexander.

Her eye fell on his canvas. 'That's a house,' she decided. 'I can tell by the roof and windows. Is that yellow supposed to be grass? O, dear me, what a notion! Grass is green!'

The Jellyfish's lids uncovered glittering ice. 'Nothing is anything!' said he.

But the old woman was ready. 'The *status quo*,' said she, 'is the *status quo*!' Then she put herself back into circulation.

'Do you paint?' asked Alexander of the Jellyfish. 'What I mean is, your saying that.'

'I would put nothing down,' he answered. 'I cannot tell for long enough whether a thing is big or little, or what it's doing.'

When he had thus spoken, the Jellyfish sprouted pelican wings; struggled to a perch on the leaf wall; teetered lumpishly between what Is and what Isn't; and fell, flapping, into the Isn't.

Timidly, unwillingly, Alexander moved to the wall. His fingers, inquiring among the vines, came upon a stubbornness. He ripped out leaf and stem, baring iron grating. The iron cut authoritative patterns into the unsistent blue beyond. He pressed his face against it.

Beyond, beneath the blue, beneath the straining gulls, was weltering disloyalty. It built and bashed to suds. It swallowed itself. It was neither an inside nor an outside. It was impossible. Alexander saw it and fled.

He plunged himself into a group which was making the fourth afternoon circuit. He merged himself with it. Tears of relief gushed down his face; relief from the tearing, the unloosening, within him.

When the circuit was completed, Alexander urged the walkers to his studio. He gathered them about him; wrapped them tightly, bandage-like.

But foam of the sea was filtering in through the leak in the wall; casting itself, like arcs of silver seed, upon the boardwalk; bursting; releasing upon the air a secret aura.

The Leader rallied Alexander good humoredly. 'So you've been dabbling in oceanism!' he said. 'Well, we all have to go through that phase. No doubt you suppose you're the first to look into it! Youth is always the first!'

Alexander sprang up, his lungs pumping with asthma. 'There is *that*! I saw it!' he wheezed. 'Because there is *this*, is that any reason why there isn't *that*? What I mean is—'

'I'm afraid I don't follow you,' said the Leader.

Alexander, goaded by suffocation, began to do alarmingly. 'Why must a thing be *with* another thing?' he shouted. 'Why a table *and* a chair?' He snatched a Jacobean chair from under a Jacobean table and hurled it out of the window. 'Why not a table and an elephant? Or why not a table and fork?' He clung to the window sill. 'The garden, too!' he panted. 'Just a part of the window—like the curtain—but brighter!'

'I'm afraid,' said the Leader, 'that Alexander is losing his sense of humour.'

But Alexander was snuffing up a something in the air; leaning far out, and snuffing. The muscles of his throat relaxed.

Crysalline currents were abroad; falling in curtains of fluid lens between the here and the there; magnifying, blurring, focussing, bringing to naught. The houses, the grass, the garden benches; the very planks, were losing their way.

Alexander faced about, his look weighty with strange traffic. 'If I could let go,' he murmured, 'who knows, it might all collapse into the fourth dimension!'

'And what, in the name of common sense would be the good of that?' demanded a walker.

'Without us walkers to walk with, or without houses to be either in or out of, or without—well, *where* would you be?' asked another.

'We are meant to all walk together so that we can exasperate each other,' said a third. 'That makes it harder, and if it's harder it must be right.'

The Leader settled the discussion. 'There's a reason for everything here,' he said. 'If you can't unreason it you must abide in it.'

'I cannot unreason it,' said Alexander desperately. 'I cannot answer any of your arguments. The only thing I can do is to let go.'

And Alexander let go. He closed his eyes and stood on his hands; head downward, feet up. Very slowly he raised his hands from the floor.

For a timeless interval he was nowhere. He telescoped through himself into a vacuum. Woe sucked at him; woe left eddying where the universe had been. Then he was swinging upward, and pain dropped from him; gathering on the soles of his feet; falling in scarlet drops through hyacinthine atmospheres. Then he was lying on a rock.

Below on the spinning shelf, panic had begun. The forward movement was perplexed. It wobbled and tipped. One potted tree was flung out over the wall. On its own momentum it travelled half-way around the rock. Then, smitten by a sense of its own consequence, it gave way to despair and plunged into the sea. The moment came when only unanimous conviction could hold the shelf to its course.

The walkers had unanimous conviction. They closed their ranks and began to circulate. Each

plank on which their firm tread came down recovered its balance. The trees and benches which they passed were recalled to a sense of the fitness of things.

As the walkers walked, they talked. One said, 'He was always morbid!'

'No, I see his point,' said another, 'but he went to extremes. There is always a sensible middle course. If he wanted to dabble in the ocean, it could have been managed sanely. An elevator might have been rigged out to take him up and down. His food could have been lowered to him in a basket on pulleys. The same with clean clothes.'

'Far-fetched rubbish!' objected an old walker. 'Why "get away" in the first place? What we want is to stick together! Loyalty! That's the word!'

And on they walked.

Alexander is sitting on a rock. From behind him comes a vague music. It is honey dropping from trees.

A moment since, Alexander came running from the paradisaical places. His hands were held, as if full of treasure. His eyes were cups of divination.

Now his hands hold fragments. In his emptied eyes is a gathering potency.

Alexander is not sure of anything.

DEAD NATURE

The last leaf
Of the last tree
Dropped across my eyes
And to my feet
Before I could shatter the line it made
And move beyond.

I touched its dead flesh with my flesh . . .
And I was alone as the last spark in the grate before
which no man dreams—

The tree above was dead and sentinel to finality
And the stars were set in the windows of God's
many mansions
To light the way.

The Way?

. . . . The leaf stirred in its deadness
And fled like a ghost in the second sleep of the
wind—
The tree! The tree! . . .
The stars spilled recklessly down the skies like coins
from a drunkard's pockets—

Oh, see see where the universe slips through God's
fingers!
See Death!
See Death! . . .

MALCOLM ROSS

Will subscribers kindly notify us of any change of address.

SUNDAY IN THE PARK

By the Lake

Pressed close she swoons with joy;
He bends his head
To murmur words of love
But halts midway
And puffs in haste
To keep cigar alight.

Of All Time

Close, close they walk
On verdant grass,
But stony beach
Divides their feet
For he is bound
To get his picture
Of breaking waves.

His little friend
In patent leather
And high heels
That wedge between
The stones, comes stumbling after
And suffers with fixed smile.

FRANCES R. ANGUS

PROTHALAMION

In sad cold benediction the lightness falls
Through frosted painted lens on the bridal pair
(Happy, happy, are the strong and brave and fair)
And on their beaming bourgeois faces scrawls
Messages of fallen hope and the unanswered calls
Of limping modern beauty, her cupboards bare
And musty and rank with long abandon.
And in a whisper of peace the cool blessed air
Circles their un-nimbus'd forms and on
Their sluggish hearts lays an ancient orison.

MAURICE N. O'BRIEN



THE CANADIAN FORUM, while welcoming manuscripts of general articles, stories, and verse, is not at present paying for material.



ACUTE SENSIBILITIES

DOROTHY WORDSWORTH, a biography by Ernest De Selincourt (Oxford University Press; pp. 428; \$6.25).

THE appearance of this volume is the most notable event in the literary history of the past year, for Dorothy Wordsworth is a notable woman (both in the ordinary sense of the word and in that intended by her grandmother) and hitherto we have known her but imperfectly. Perhaps the publication of all her Journals and letters would help us to know her still better, but that would seem unlikely. Professor De Selincourt has had access to a mass of manuscript material, and he is too practised a literary workman to have overlooked much that was valuable.

He has given us a most interesting book. The bulk of it is made up of Dorothy's *ipsissima verba*, and the story proceeds in a leisurely, unhurried fashion which enables us to savour the rich, full life of one of the most delightful human beings of whom we have record. Not that our former impressions are fundamentally altered. It is rather a heightening and deepening of our acquaintance that flows from this opportunity to live through with her various experiences of life in so much greater detail. And even now we can hardly claim that we know her intimately. There is something elemental, otherworldly about her that eludes us.

'Wordsworth and his exquisite sister,' wrote Coleridge, shortly after first meeting them in 1797. 'His beautiful wife and his enchanting sister,' wrote Keats when he met them in 1818. And Dorothy was then in her forty-seventh year! No doubt her friends were conscious of her delight in the mere business of being alive, her wealth of affection and of generosity, her intense absorption in simple, beautiful things, and her utter lack of self-consciousness. No doubt, too, 'her exquisite regard for common things' communicated itself to those who came into contact with her, and made them feel that in her presence the commonplace took on fresh beauty, new depth of meaning. In a word, she had the charm of the creative genius. That her brother and Coleridge estimated her powers so highly always seemed a little strange to her. The beautiful prose of her Journals and letters is so utterly simple and unlaboured that she would seem to have deceived herself as to its merits, and strangely enough her attempts at verse have little to commend them. 'You must excuse limping measure,' said her niece, 'Aunt cannot write regular metre.' 'My only merits,' Dorothy protested, 'are my devotedness to those I love, and I hope, a charity towards all mankind.' And when the night had descended, her broken-hearted brother could only declare: 'In tenderness of heart I do not honestly believe she was ever exceeded by any of God's creatures. In loving-kindness she has no bounds.' This was the Dorothy whom

her friends knew well and had occasion to bless. But in the shooting lights of her wild eyes they were reminded that she had also a hidden life:—

Her very presence such a sweetness breathed,
That flowers, and trees, and even the silent hills,
And everything she looked on, should have had
An intimation how she bore herself
Towards them and to all creatures. God delights
In such a being; for, her common thoughts
Are piety, her life is gratitude.

I know of no account of a brother-sister relationship that may be compared to that of Dorothy and William Wordsworth. To our conventional minds there is even something disturbing in its passionate intensity. For both of them blessedness consisted in being allowed to live together, and they asked no other blessedness. This all-absorbing interest in each other lasted from childhood to extreme age, and for Dorothy at least excluded the possibility of a lover. She accepted Annette and Mary after only a temporary pang, knowing full well that no one could replace her in her brother's affections. To recite the tale of his virtues to a sympathetic hearer always gave her peculiar happiness, and her charity toward all mankind did not extend to hostile reviewers of his poems. This consuming devotion was rooted of course in a similarity of tastes and ideas, which became ever more pronounced, and there is no record of even the slightest rift in the lute. A few months before Dorothy's death when for a quarter of a century her mind had been overclouded, at first intermittently, and at last almost continuously, one of her friends could report that 'while all other affections seem to be dried up, her love for her brother is as fresh as ever.'

It would be a great mistake, however, to think of Dorothy as being in any sense a mere echo of her brother. Some of her political sentiments might perhaps justifiably be ascribed to such a source—for example, what Professor De Selincourt calls 'her almost bloodthirsty hatred of Napoleon' and her blind prejudice against the French, as well as her militant, uncompromising Toryism during the 1820 elections. But however deep their affinity of mind and temper, one might as justifiably question the authentic individuality of Wordsworth's own character as that of his sister. The first-hand quality of her observation of natural phenomena is of course known to every reader of her Journals. For instance, she notes in January: 'The sound of the sea distinctly heard on the tops of the hills, which we could never hear in summer. We attribute this partly to the bareness of the trees, but chiefly to the absence of the singing of birds, the hum of insects, that noiseless noise* which lives in the summer air.'

Her strong practical common sense appears in the following observation on the training of children:—

Till a child is four years old he needs no other companions than the flowers, the grass, the cattle, the sheep that scamper away from him when he makes a vain unexpected chase after them, the pebbles upon the road, etc., etc. After the age of about four years he begins to want some other stimulus than the mere life that is in him; his efforts would be greater but he must have an object, he would run but he

must run races, he would climb a wall but he has no motive to do it when he is alone; he must have some standard by which to compare his powers or he will have no pleasure in exercising them, and he becomes lifeless and inactive.

What she calls 'the mystery of decay and renovation' in Nature is often in her thoughts, and she has always an ear for the still, sad music of humanity. A lone herd-boy recalls to her mind an old man she had seen a short time before:—

Such a Boy, thought I, he once was; and such an old man will this child become; and how much have they now in common!—dress—occupation—mode of life—grave movement of body and of mind! So begins, here, and so ends human life; and the intermediate space might seem to have so little variety that the whole presents itself to meditation with the simplicity of a circle.

One instinctively turns away from the brief record of her long drawn-out old age when she had ceased to be herself. 'Since girlhood,' Professor De Selincourt reminds us, 'the effort to maintain control over so full an emotional life, affections so tender and passionate, sensibilities so acute, had entailed a constant drain upon her nervous energy.' We remember her rather as an embodiment of the joy of life, as a prophecy of what a beautiful thing human life might be. Professor De Selincourt has conferred a great boon on all lovers of English literature.

MALCOLM W. WALLACE

A SURVEY AND COMMENTARY

THE POETRY OF GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS, by E. E. Phare (Cambridge University Press; pp. viii, 150).

MISS PHARE in this deliberate and thoughtful study of a half-elucidated poet begins by pointing out that while it is useful and not uncommon to approach a poet by way of the poets whom he most resembles this approach in Hopkins' case is singularly difficult. She attempts it nevertheless and, concentrating rather on the inner spirit of the man than on his style and technique, draws successively on Crashaw, Wordsworth, Keats, Valéry, Edith Sitwell, T. S. Eliot, and others. Perhaps she succeeds least with the poet whom she works hardest—Wordsworth, who is unlike without being helpfully unlike and is best left out altogether—and most with those she touches lightly—Valéry, whose static is compared with Hopkins' dynamic, and T. S. Eliot, whose tiredness Hopkins seems to share, though there is nothing in Eliot of Hopkins' volcanic moods and wrestler's language. But whether one agrees or not there is suggestiveness at every turn in this volume. Miss Phare has obviously read her author with sustained absorption, as a critic should.

Yet, when she has said all, the enigma remains of a poet—a Victorian poet—whose life was a search for, and a clinging to, religious tradition and whose poetry was a drawing away from tradition—unlike Eliot's because it was so solitary and unconscious of its affiliations. There are forces at work here which Miss Phare does not reach and, by her method, could not reach. Is there perhaps an approach, at once more direct and more penetrating, through Hopkins' own time? The association of Hopkins' name with those of Doughty, Cézanne, Rimbaud—made by D. S. Mirsky in *The London Mercury*, Septem-

*Keats uses this expression in 'I stood tiptoe upon a little hill'.

Phare, know him intimately and are in a position to conjecture his verbal meanings. An edition with notes on old-fashioned schoolboy lines is what is needed. I wish for my own sake that Miss Phare would make one.

Doughty, who was one year Hopkins' senior, shares his new technique, not at one point, but at many points. Hopkins, writing of a falcon, says 'the rolling level underneath him steady air'; Doughty of a sea-god's chariot 'the, on golden axe-tree, rolling, broad divine wheels, in wide salt sea-flood'. Hopkins writes of Oxford 'cuckoo-echoing, bell-swarmèd, lark-charmèd, rook-racked, river-round-ed'; Doughty of Adam 'sun-stricken, sore-bruised, long travailed, Sarsar-tossed'. Hopkins of his falcon again:—

wind-spurned, the wing-
Sailed Red Mare towards far sea-rim swiftly flies.

From this new energy in English verse to the solid spaces of Cézanne and his followers the transition is soon made. And once in the field of paint we find far more of Hopkins than of Doughty. Hopkins' knack of shifting the sound of a word into its sound-neighbour—as in 'lush-kept, plush-capped', 'wind-beat white beam'—is more like the shift of adjacent planes in a Modernist picture than anything else in English prosody. And how close he is—in another way—to Van Gogh, a religious artist again who might be made to throw a light. Think of:—

The glassy pear-tree leaves and blooms, they brush
The descending blue.

The argument of these passages and parallels is clear. The approach to Hopkins through English poetry is not enough, he must be approached also as a Modernist through all the Modernist channels in art and letters—perhaps in music too. We may in the end see Hopkins as a passionate reactionary caught early in the toils of Modernist revolt, yet too aloof from the coteries to know what was happening to him. Like Doughty in this too, save that Doughty remained serene and unperplexed.

RESURRECTION POEMS

THE four Montreal poets, Leo Kennedy, A. J. M. Smith, Frank Scott, and A. M. Klein, will one day occupy considerable space in our literary handbooks. They belong to a new order, they are in the stream of contemporary poetry with Elinor Wylie, Edith Sitwell, and T. S. Eliot. They have learned something from those stars, learned to express their cynicism and hamletism; they have been guided in their reading. But after that, each has tried his own powers and progressed in his own way. Smith, in his progress towards asceticism, has picked up vegetation symbolism from the *Golden Bough* en route. The *Golden Bough* has much to do with the waste land in which young poets find themselves today; a knowledge of that work is essential to an understanding approach to Kennedy's poetry.

For one night or the other night
Will come the Gardener in white, and gathered flowers are
dead. Yasmin.

Last winter he wrote advertisements for Simpson's Basement Store and one day he had to do something on tubers. As he was poking around on the counter, handling and enjoying the bulbs, he was struck by the rather staring likeness of the hyacinth root to the papal tiara, gradually conical, with three crowns. There was the poem which, in the wrappings of a poet's fiction, appears in the volume as 'Hyacinths for Hadrian'. But the core of the poem is the thought which is always in Kennedy's mind:—

The only thing Kennedy cherished and preserved after his Catholicism went to pieces was the Easter Cycle—Life, Death, Life—and he turned to Fraser's *Golden Bough* for its counterpart and origins. Many of his poems started out to be resurrection poems and to end resurrection poems. The cycle of life was seen as a bulb bursting, the stem rearing itself up to bud and blossom and die:—

Both Kennedy and Smith describe succeeding generations of humans by analogy with the cycle of plant life:—

He feels the earthiness of countless peasants
Stir in loins and sprout like little grain.

(Smith).

And girls now seedlings in their fathers' reins.
(Kennedy).

Kennedy has split *The Shrouding* into four parts: 'Weapons against Death' have seeds of resurrection in them; 'Spade Thrusts' are poems of death, continued in 'Cloth for Cerements'; 'Outcry on Time' is a wailing and gnashing of teeth:—

You shall acquaint the fellowship of grief

And gnash your teeth for rage, and cry relief.
And weep and curse, and smash your heart to bits.

is his admonition for any lover who is reminded that:—

Paris is now a little dust
Shifted by every wind that blows;
In Helen's listless eyes are thrust
The black roots of a rose.

'Gravedigger's Rhapsody' and 'Anguish Outworn' are constructed out of the stark details that the poet has studied in the Funeral Home and cemetery:—

Lid the flat staring eye, as pale as ice;
Bind up the fallen jaw

the oaken coffin and the pall . . .
The rented purple hangings in the hall
Over the torn wallpaper. . . .

but the details have been changed into poetry in the poet's mind. Dust to dust, says the Priest, and the Poet:—

Gather the fringes of earth, then draw together
The parts of this brown wound, and bind them fast
With measured stitches of your spade, Gravedigger.

Worms and moles crawl among the bones and dust of these poems, though in the first division we are in April, which is 'no month for burials' but a season of renewed vigour when sap is running in the trees, when:—

Bloodroot and trillium break out of cover,
And crocuses stir blindly in their cells

—sprouting crocus bulbs which have lain 'parched and patient under sod'. It is the season of resurrection.

When, in 'Words for a Resurrection', the Spring Song of germination merges into the ceremony of Easter, the poet's marvellously beautiful lines make a fitting counterpart to Isaiah's picture of our Lord growing up 'as a tender plant, and as a root out of a dry ground':—

Each pale Christ stirring underground . . .

Elsewhere I have spoken of Kennedy's search for words which have their roots deep down in the origins of our language, words which still have a germ in them waiting for the 'water slurring underground' to help them break the sod and flower again. His poems are flowers of death, growing out of death, fertilized by fresh water from the hidden wells of our language, flowers as precious as orchids,

remarkable for the beauty of their funereal colourings.

We are grateful to the Macmillan Company for producing such an attractive volume, printed and manufactured in a manner so becoming to the text. We hope that in the near future they will publish the collected work of the other poets of this group—a consummation devoutly to be wished.

W. E. COLLIN.

PLACID AND AMIABLE

AH, WILDERNESS! A Comedy of Recollection, by Eugene O'Neill (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 159; \$3.00).

IN *Ah, Wilderness!* Mr. O'Neill forgoes the classic rumblings of his trilogies and the stream of consciousness to become faintly sentimental over the troubles of adolescence. His young man, who is not unlike what the young Eugene Gladstone O'Neill must have been, storms about the stage talking of Nietzsche and the revolution, quoting Oscar Wilde and the Rubayait, and ever thinking of vine leaves in his hair and General Gabbler's pistols. All of which may suggest to you that a perusal of Mr. O'Neill's latest play, which the Theatre Guild are giving at the moment in New York with George M. Cohan as the father of the above-mentioned recalcitrant youngster, is not very exciting reading, even if, (as I understand it does), it goes beautifully on the stage. Certainly in the list of Mr. O'Neill's opera it does not loom very large. And yet one cannot help feeling that for all its faults, its painfully even tone and quiet, homely humour, it is perhaps more satisfactory than *Mourning Becomes Electra*, nearer to us than the much over-emphasized *Strange Interlude*, and closer to the young, sincere O'Neill of *Beyond the Horizon*. Mr. O'Neill has apparently decided that his adventures in form can, for the moment, be laid aside. He has moulded the stage to his grasp in such diverse plays as *Marco Millions* and *Lazarus Laughed*; he has trifled with masks and pantomime, and refused to be disturbed by the problem faced by most dramatists—that of compressing an idea into the space of two hours. Now he turns his back on experiment, and blessed with the greatest asset any dramatist can possess, a fine sense of the theatre, writes this modest—terribly modest for Mr. O'Neill—story of an ecstatic youngster and his father.

What makes the play interesting, and what probably has kept it alive on the boards, is the portrait of the father. Nat Miller, is one of those dry, honest, straight-shooting publishers of a small town newspaper, whose worries are as suburban as their papers. His son, unhappy in a juvenile love affair, and quoting Hedda about committing suicide 'beautifully', wanders off to a low dive, there to drink beer and, pathetically, tell his tale of woe to a characteristic harlot, one of many who have figured in Mr. O'Neill's *dramatis personae*. The father waits up, and the son returns somewhat intoxicated, dishevelled and wild-eyed. Later they talk things over, as man to man, don't you know. The curtain eventually descends on the reunion of the lovers. You may judge that it is all very placid, and bourgeois and amiable. It is.

LEON EDEL

If you read "Juan in America," there is no need to suggest that you read

Magnus Merriman

by Eric Linklater

for - - you wouldn't miss it. If you didn't read "Juan" then read them both. You'll be entertained and shocked, so shocked! You'll laugh, read the best bits to your family, and quote the really choice pithy sayings to your friends.

It would not be correct to say that "Magnus Merriman" is a continuation of "Juan in America", but Magnus is certainly an older Juan. Age has not calmed him however, although it has made him slightly more deliberate, with the result that each experience he has, whether feminine, political, or commercial, contributes something more to his mental poise. His propensity for feminine companionship has not decreased with years, but rather amusingly, age or environment, which is the Orkneys, has made him somewhat more susceptible. He struggles to keep Margaret's goodwill even after he has dismissed her; he frankly regrets the departure of Frieda, and he marries Rose, who may have turned out a shrew or only a good manager.

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CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT

THE MASTER OF JALNA, by Mazo de la Roche (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 331; \$2.00).

IN *The Master of Jalna* Mazo de la Roche gives us a fourth installment from her story of the Whiteoaks. Eden, the prodigal, returns and dies of consumption. Finch pushes himself rather diffidently into love with a rich widow, but postpones marital felicity until the next novel. Piers tires of tenement conditions at Jalna, and moves out with Pheasant and the children. Renny worries about his oak-trees, his coal-bill, and the bungaloid excrescences on the neighbouring fields, and does his part toward complicating the next novel by mortgaging Jalna and adding a mistress to his already extensive menage. Wakefield is passing through an adolescence which bodes no good, and is in love with a young lady who finds Renny much more to her taste. Persons of a sporting turn of mind may amuse themselves by guessing at the plot of the next story.

Before writing that next story Miss de la Roche would do well to decide whether she will give us an essentially self-contained and carefully integrated novel, or another bi-yearly installment from a continued story of uncertain length. One hopes for the former. A novel, like a tragedy, should have a beginning, a middle, and an end. One's main impression from *The Master of Jalna* is that it is two-thirds lacking—it is all middle, or rather, the beginning is in *Jalna*, *The Whiteoaks of Jalna*, and *Finch's Fortune* and the end is not yet. Accordingly, in the early chapters the characters have to engage in frequent informative reveries of this kind:—'Augusta's question as to her happiness turned Pheasant's thoughts back to her affair with Pier's brother Eden. That had almost wrecked her life with Piers. Seven years ago . . . she had been only eighteen then . . . and it was more than four years since Eden had gone off with Minny Ware! He had not been home since.' This hardly rings true. An authentic section from the stream of consciousness would not supply us so conveniently with names, dates, and ages. We must be given this information, to be sure, because Eden will come walking down the road in a page and a half, but it could be supplied to us more naturally and simply in a preface as is usual in a continued story. A genealogical table would also be a welcome help to the reader, and take a burden of explanation from the characters. As for the concluding chapters, one cannot escape the impression that Miss de la Roche is more interested in the plot of novel number five than in the end of number four. Many readers will be of the same mind.

The method of representing conversation could also be improved, as a passage from page 74 may serve to illustrate. Finch and Wakefield are discussing Mooney's pigeons:—

'Pauline gave them to him,' said Wakefield.

'Hm-hm.'

'I wonder if he feeds them properly.'

'They look all right.'

'I hadn't known she gave them to him.'

'Hm-hm?'

'I must keep an eye on them and see that he doesn't neglect them.'

'Good idea.'

'I saw her this morning.'

'Did you? Are you going into the house?'

'No—I think I shall go—well, where are you going?'

'Oh, I don't know.'

And neither do we. Eleven interchanges of conversation unadorned by even the name of the speaker is rather a strain.

Undoubtedly the novel sequence, tracing the fortunes of a family through several generations, has possibilities beyond the range of the ordinary story, as both John Galsworthy and Hugh Walpole have demonstrated. The novelist may have more room. He may trace the emergence of family characteristics in succeeding generations. He may suggest the subtle but important changes, always occurring but scarcely recognizable except over a considerable period of time, which make one generation different from another. He may distill the quintessence of history from the story of a family as Galsworthy has done in *The Forsyte Saga*. One is disappointed that Miss de la Roche adopts the genealogical novel without using it as fully as one believes she could. She has foregone the possibility of tracing the history of the Whiteoaks over several generations, for the time of each novel is approximately contemporaneous with its publication. She is as aware as her readers that old Adeline Whiteoak was the most interesting one of the lot, yet she makes little effort to show us how her grandchildren have inherited elements of her temperament. She makes no pretence of describing the Canadian scene, past or present. We are assured that the Whiteoaks, like the Forsytes, are fighting a rearguard action against the twentieth century, but all we see of the world beyond the palings of Jalna is a widened road and some new bungalows. The scene might as well be Missouri or Herefordshire instead of Ontario. Sinclair Lewis's *Main Street* comes nearer to us than the *Jalna* series. When we are looking to Miss de la Roche to write the great novel of Ontario, her continued refusal to describe the province is disappointing. We hope she may soon follow the advice which the Toronto Transportation Commission gives to its patrons and 'see *Main Street* in rural (and urban) Ontario.'

J. R. MACGILLIVRAY

A COLLOQUIAL TRANSLATION

THE SHORT BIBLE, edited by E. J. Goodspeed and J. M. P. Smith (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 545; \$2.50).

THE 'American Translation' of the Bible, from which this work is abbreviated, appeared in 1931, and is now fairly well known. It is accurate and clear, and as might be expected, it represents in its interpretations of specific words and phrases a digest of modern critical study of the text. Its literary qualities are unfortunately not on a par with its scientific excellences. The translators seem to have been obsessed with the notion that 'American' prose must be characterized by an abundant use of colloquialisms and by an almost childish simplicity of diction; and in obedience to these canons, grace, vigour and distinction have been ruthlessly sacrificed. The resultant translation is flavourless and dull. Is ease of comprehension sufficient compensation for these defects?

More serious faults than these affect the New Testament section. It is not necessary to be a purist

to be offended by Professor Goodspeed's constant violation of the old schoolmaster's rule, 'Never use a preposition to end a sentence with'. It is almost incredible that a man with a classical education could be guilty of such a violent misuse of the preposition 'like' as is seen in the verse, 'How is it that a Jew like you asks a Samaritan woman like me for a drink?' (John 4:9). Several equally elementary blunders could be cited.

This is not the place in which to offer an exhaustive criticism of Dr. Goodspeed's renderings, but two or three particular phrases might be noticed. The substitution of 'good news' for 'gospel' is simply pedantic, and is not certainly correct as a translation of the word *evangelion*, even though it is so obvious that it has never been questioned. Nine times out of ten this word and its cognates are used with no conscious stressing of their component parts. When etymology is pressed too strongly it becomes a source of error, and in the case of this word it frequently blinds scholars to the fact that *evangelion*, is a technical term, and the best possible rendering for it is our own technical term 'gospel'. Again, the phrase, 'born before any creature' in Colossians 1:16 is almost certainly an incorrect interpretation; the idea of precedence in time is not involved at all, or if involved, is subordinate to the idea of precedence in position. The translation of Colossians 3:5 is simply astounding. 'Treat as dead' might be allowed to pass, although it is feeble; but the connection of 'for it is really idolatry' with the whole sentence instead of with the word 'greed' on which it should depend syntactically, is inexcusable.

More generally, it is to be remarked that the work of Dr. Goodspeed frequently resembles an interpretative periphrasis more than a true translation; and I know not on what principle 'whoremongers and adulterers' (Hebrews 13:4), become 'vicious and immoral people' while 'publicans and sinners' become 'tax-gatherers and irreligious people' (Mark 2:16), and 'the great whore, which did corrupt the earth with her fornication' becomes 'the great idolatress who corrupted the earth with her idolatry'. Apparently a Chicago professor can water language as readily as a Chicago banker waters stock.

In *The Short Bible* the editors present extracts from most of the canonical books, arranging them in chronological order and providing each book with 'a brief account of its origin and purpose'. The object of this arrangement is to make of the book 'an introduction to the development of Hebrew and Christian religious thought'.

The value of this arrangement is open to question. Granting that Hebrew literature begins with the book of Amos, does it follow that Hebrew religious thought began with him? The Pentateuch reached its present form at a late period in Israel's history, but the events which it records form the presupposition of the prophetic literature, and an arrangement which places the story of the formation of the Hebrew people after the prophets of the Captivity and the Return can scarcely be said to make the road easier for the casual student. In the New Testament, a similar problem faces the editor of such a volume. The Pauline epistles antedate the gospels, but the life and death of Jesus and the sayings of Jesus form the cardinal presupposition of

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the epistles, and a considerable part of the material that went into the gospels was a part of the Christian tradition that St. Paul received. Too great importance ought not to be attached to the accidental circumstance that none of these accounts of Jesus attained their present form until after the Pauline epistles were written. It is clear that a chronological arrangement such as this does not by any means ensure 'that earlier religious ideas come first and more developed ones later', as the editor naively declares.

A work such as this will probably correct some mistaken popular notions about the composition of the Bible, but will it not also confirm and help to perpetuate the fundamental error of supposing that it is easy to arrive at a true understanding of the Scriptures? The idea behind this attempt is that if you simplify the language and indicate the historical setting of the different books, the ordinary reader will appreciate the meaning of the writers clearly. This is simply not the case. The road to the understanding of ancient documents is by no means so easy, and scholarship is following a will-o'-the-wisp in attempting to make them universally intelligible to the multitude by a popular scientific treatment. The Bible scientifically understood can never render the services to popular religion that it has been made to render for centuries; it becomes sealed to everyone but the scholar. To be a popular book, it must be treated in a way that separates it from particularities of place and time; otherwise it is as effectively denied to the man on the street as if he

were forbidden to read it. He will, of course, continue to misunderstand and misinterpret it, but from the standpoint of personal religion, that is of no account. The Bible has always been misunderstood and misinterpreted, scientifically speaking; but it is equally true that it has always moved the hearts and consciences of its readers none the less effectively. Its power is not dependent on or proportioned to the degree to which it is correctly understood.

I find in the idea behind *The Short Bible* a confusion between two aspects of the study of the Bible; it confounds scientific study with devotional reading, and imagines that the value of the devotional reading is enhanced by a knowledge of the results of scientific study. I should be inclined to say that exactly the opposite is the case. We must be prepared to find that the scientific knowledge of the Bible will not be a help, but perhaps even an offense to religion. But the truth is, it is not the Bible as scientifically known, but the Bible as spiritually active within men, which is significant for our time and can help it. The last two sentences are adapted from Schweitzer, in *The Quest of the Historical Jesus*. From this point of view, *The Short Bible*, in the very act of correcting certain minor misconceptions, confirms and blesses in the name of science the Bibliolatry that has afflicted Anglo-Saxon Protestantism for centuries.

FRANK W. BEARE

ALOOF AND AUSTERE

THE WINDING STAIR AND OTHER POEMS, by W. B. Yeats (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 101; \$1.75).

THIS book has grown out of the reveries of an ageing man. Like an old eagle that stares into the sun, Yeats sits aloof in his symbolic tower at the head of its winding stair, and equably considers his generation in retrospect. He reflects too on Ireland or the State, and the part which it has been incumbent on him to play. The role of state or public man has not always been harmonious with the instinctive one of artist:—

I wanted to the knave and fool,
But outgrew that school,
Would transform the part,
Fit audience found, but cannot rule
My fanatic heart.

This is otherwise elaborated:—

The intellect of man is forced to choose
Perfection of the life, or of the work
And if it take the second must refuse
A heavenly mansion, raging in the dark.
When all that story's finished, what's the news?
In luck or out the toil has left its mark:
That old perplexity, an empty purse,
Or the day's vanity, the night's remorse.

Undoubtedly this conflict has left its mark on him. The youth which he spent fighting fools and knaves is spiritually out of his reach; he has withdrawn from politics to art, from which he would squeeze philosophic concepts:—

Begin the preparation for your death
And from the fortieth winter by that thought
Test every work of intellect or faith
And everything that your own hands have wrought—

He has attained ultimate wisdom:—

Seek out reality, leave things that seem.

And with the realism of his thought, his poetry, the words he uses to phrase it, has grown stricter, austere. It has gone beyond the romantic, lushly-turned early poetry; and it is infinitely better. This restraint has grown markedly since *Michael Robartes* in 1921 sharply contrasted with the *Swans at Coole* of only two years earlier. The *Tower* which Yeats published in 1928, seemed the extreme to which bare imagery and sparse though exquisite writing could go. Beyond that point it seemed that language would atrophy and be barren.

The Winding Stair suggests that the breaking point has been reached. It is possible to purge poetry of the last solitary impurity, to refine language so that the essence alone is left. The danger is that it may cease to be poetry altogether:—

We that have done and thought,
That have thought and done,
Must ramble, and thin out
Like milk spilt on stone.

The really great technique of this poet is shown in that he can clip and trim his poetic till it is as bald as a turnip, without loss of dignity. And some of these poems are close-cropped to a hair.

None the less, this book contains poems which are among his most beautiful. *Byzantium* is one, the poem for Eva Gore Booth and Con Markiewicz another. They subscribe to his mastery, and to the unique position which he occupies in contemporary English letters. His work has matured further and been more compelling in each successive book. At sixty-eight, so far from fumbling and apeing his successes of twenty-four, an undignified precedent set for youth by famous men, he achieves that which no stripling could encompass.

LEO KENNEDY

TENACITY AND RUTHLESSNESS

A HISTORY OF THE FRENCH PEOPLE, by Charles Seignobos (Thos. Nelson; pp. 413; \$3.75).

PRELUDE TO HITLER, by B. T. Reynolds (Thos. Nelson; pp. 288; \$2.50).

UNLIKE as they are in method and intention, these two books are both of considerable value in helping outsiders to an appreciation of the present political situation in Western Europe.

Professor Seignobos, with that masterly ruthlessness and unflinching tenacity of intention that seem to be the peculiar secret of French scholarship, has traced in lucid outline the series of transformations by which the population of France has become the French nation of today. Necessarily, much has had to be omitted. There is little biographical detail, little military history, little discussion of foreign policy; but the interplay of social, economic, and political forces within the nation is presented with persuasive clarity and a scholarly reluctance to presume too much beyond the ascertainable facts, which, except for a few interests of small privileged classes, are much scantier for most of French history than is generally realized.

Inevitably, the emphasis and interpretation of details is guided by some general view, and more than once, Professor Seignobos finds himself in conflict with cherished popular conceptions, some of which bear the sanction of historians of considerable

note. The temptation must have been almost irresistible to justify and establish by detailed argument the judgements advanced on controversial points; and almost any page might easily have become a pamphlet. The common reader, however, for whom the book is primarily meant, gains an unblurred picture, consistent and intelligible. Seeing the growth, alteration, and survival of habits and institutions peculiar to France, set forth in succinct and orderly fashion, one more readily understands many peculiarities of their political and constitutional practice that are otherwise extremely bewildering to the average outsider.

Professor Seignobos gives perhaps too little credit to the South for the part it played in shaping French civilization, but he corrects a number of still wide-spread misconceptions as to the nature of feudalism, the power of the absolute monarchy, and the causes that lay back of the Revolution. Much of what he says on these subjects will not indeed be new to the professional historian, but it has not before been so clearly and readably set forth for the benefit of the average reader, whose ideas are usually those of the professional historian of two generations before him.

The main current of French history he finds in the gradual rise and spread of the bourgeoisie, as its influence and ideals won ground in both directions, above and below themselves. His views on the formation of the distinctively French culture cannot be better summed up than in his own words:—

The most ancient original indigenous culture grew up during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries in the region whose population had been renewed by the Frankish and Norman invasions. It was formed by personal bonds, consolidated by custom and hereditary social conditions. It found expression in original creations to which there had been nothing analogous in the antique world—feudalism, courtly manners and gallantry, the bourgeoisie, communes, guilds, fairs, Gothic architecture and sculpture, the *chansons de geste* and romances of adventure, the *fabliaux*, the university, colleges and examinations. It was completed by the Crusades and the adaptation of Christianity to the native religious sentiment. There grew up a popular Christianity that was naive, tender, graceful and feminine, differing profoundly from the stern, dogmatic, and ascetic religion of the East.

Such was the origin of French civilization, which has been carried on down to our day by a continuous tradition. It differs fundamentally from all the civilizations of the Mediterranean and has nothing Latin about it but the Latin vocabulary and survivals preserved by the clergy. Its formation took place in a limited region around Paris, which was to remain in future the centre of the whole organization of France. The greater part of France was a mere addition to this, which, as it became annexed to the original French region, adopted most of its civilization and accepted its language as the common speech, while preserving its own local dialects and special customs.

Political authority and political accidents have played, he believes, the leading part in the evolution of the French people; economic forces, though not disregarded, are considered to have had a much smaller effect in the days when there was no such thing as capital, credit, or business on a large scale. Furthermore, records of an economic character are so incomplete and fragmentary for most of the period, that the risk of error largely nullifies the value of any general conclusions that may be drawn from them. Literature, the arts, and science have been relegated to a secondary position, as having little influence on the mass of the nation, barely cognizant of their existence. On the other hand,

feelings, beliefs, habits, and ideas have been stressed, in accordance with the intention of recounting the history of a people, not of a State.

The viewpoint is frankly and undisguisedly Republican and bourgeois; but there is no serious distortion. Anyone who wishes to acquire a clear and sympathetic understanding of the present French situation and character, could hardly do better than read this book.

Mr. Reynolds' account of ten post-war years in Germany is more modest in intention. It has little to do with Hitler; but does give one, through the eyes of an unprejudiced, indeed friendly outsider, living in Germany from 1920 to 1930, some idea of the general conditions that lay back of Hitler's success. Till 1928 Major Reynolds was stationed with the Army of Occupation on the Rhine, serving for much of that time as liaison officer with the French. He has many shrewd comments on the character of the French and the Germans, as displayed in his contacts with both, and many amusing and illuminating stories that recapture well the peculiar atmosphere of that uneasy time. Later, he returned to Germany, as manager of a factory, combatting at once the on-coming depression and the obstructive conservatism of the factory's former owners.

The last chapters of the book, on *Englishmen, Frenchmen, and Germans*, and *Prelude to Hitler*, are fair, honest, and sensible. With no great novelty or profundity of thought, they have that interest that always attaches to the accounts and judgements of an average intelligent observer, with no theory to prove and no axe to grind. The book, finally, is written in an easy, unassuming, conversational style, that is very attractive.

L. A. MacKAY

THE DOGS OF WAR

Cry Havoc, by Beverley Nichols (Doubleday, Doran, and Gundy; pp. 275; \$2.00).

IT is a hard task to make men see the obvious, which is what this book bravely attempts to do. Facts and figures on the armament situation and the danger of war are available in many other publications, but by taking the reader along the road which he himself has travelled in search of the truth on this matter, Beverley Nichols wants to make us realize with our hearts as well as know with our brains, how near the danger is, and how woefully it is ignored by the world at large. Not that *Cry Havoc* is a sentimental appeal: there is no need of rhetoric where the facts speak only too brutally for themselves. And they are incontrovertible: armament firms do sell, in the ordinary way of trade, to any foreign government as many engines of death as it will buy; their directorates interlocking from one country to another have been rightly called 'the bloody international'; they foster anything that will lead to armaments and war and, by means of secret agents where necessary, they sabotage anything that will lead to peace and thus harm their trade; their power and influence are as great as they are deadly. Not only methods of prevention, but even preparations for defence are quite inadequate and must remain so for the latest discoveries in poisonous gases make gas-masks all but useless, nor can attacks by air be satisfactorily repulsed. Here and there a par-

ticular weapon, like submarines, may not be as fatal as is sometimes claimed, but the main issue is beyond doubt, as is once more made abundantly clear in these first few chapters.

What are we going to do about it? We may at least expose, as Beverley Nichols does, the hollow sham of militaristic speech and propaganda which still speak of flashing swords and glorious charges when such illustrious methods are as dead as the dodo. And if any parent is still deluded by the smooth reassurances of those who either cannot think straight or are totally disingenuous into believing that Officers' Training Corps in schools and universities do not inculcate militarism, let him or her read what Nichols says about it, it should enlighten them. Let us all repeat as loudly as we can that patriotism 'must be recognized as having changed its meaning, as having lost its sense and its virtue' for, as commonly used, the word indicates hostility to others rather than love of one's own; that toy guns, whether for babies or for schoolboys, are damnable because they must inevitably awaken the desire to use the real thing in earnest. Let us realize and assert that war memorials carefully omit all that is repellant in war and that they all, implicitly where not explicitly, adjure us to take up the quarrel with the foe, which is the one thing we must avoid. For it is in order to avoid that we should remember.

With Beverley Nichols we may do all this and try to have history taught more wisely, with a greater sense of proportion and reality, with less emphasis on kings and battles, and more honestly. Something has been done here and there, but there is still far too much flag-waving in our schools, for flags nearly always fill one with a desire to strike at other men, and with unhealthy pride. Let us understand also, as the author's account of his visit to Geneva shows again, that it is not the League of Nations, but the governments behind it that are responsible for its failures. The cooperative framework is sound, the fault lies in the non-cooperating parts. The fallacy of waiting for a world-conversion before disarming is shown up in these discussions. No nation, not even present-day Germany, is a homogeneous unit, and by jingoistic speeches and thoughts of war we encourage those very forces which we deplore. The last chapter in particular, an imaginary letter to a young man who has voted for the motion 'that this house will in no circumstances fight for King and Country' and meant it, advising him how to argue with his father (one of that generation that was too old to fight in the last war and is now busily helping to bring about the next), I would recommend to every young man who finds himself in a similar position. It would also make good reading for the fathers.

For if we believe, as I do, that modern warfare is a plague and a futile pestilence, that it threatens the world in the very near future, and that an outbreak of it might mean the end of everything which we hold dear in Western civilization and perhaps another dark age, then it is our duty to work for peace and, if we have the courage, not only to say we will not fight, but actually not to do so, whatever those who hold the political and industrial power and so glibly identify themselves with 'the country' may think or do about it. Whether such abstention requires more courage than many of us possess we

cannot tell until the test comes. Meanwhile let us oppose in every way and at every turn those who, whether by political, social, journalistic or educational means, encourage the attitude of mind that leads to war. Above all is education, for it is upon the younger generations that we must build what hope we may. A flag should be a symbol of love for one's own land and one's own people, but it is that but rarely (we do not urge each other on with flags when fighting an epidemic). When patriotically, and quite unnecessarily, flourished by, or before, impressionable adolescents, be they in uniform or not, it inevitably becomes a symbol of hate and of that evil patriotism which Beverley Nichols so passionately and so wisely wishes to eradicate altogether.

And let us beg those who do not yet see nor understand, to read such books as this.

G. M. A. GRUBE.

MORE LIGHT ON MODERN SCIENCE

THE UNIVERSE OF LIGHT, by Sir William Bragg (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 281; \$3.75).

SIR WILLIAM BRAGG is one of our best experimental physicists. His work with X-ray analysis of crystals has greatly advanced our knowledge of atomic structure and has given him a world reputation. He is, moreover, one of the kindest of scientists, and this may be a reason why he possesses in so high a degree that rare gift of exposition which can make the most complex subject seem crystal clear. This gift qualifies him for that most difficult of arts, the delivery of popular lectures on Science 'adapted to a juvenile auditory', such as have been given annually at the Royal Institution in London, for the past hundred years. This volume represents the series given there at the Christmas season, 1931.

The entire course dealt with Light; and the lectures as here reprinted provide an up-to-the-minute text book of the subject which even university teachers of physics could read with profit; if only to learn that physics without tears is no Utopian dream. The author's talent for providing instruction under the guise of entertainment could not have been put to better use than by giving such a lead to other providers of instruction.

The first chapter is largely historical and deals with the early and still unsettled controversy between the Wave and the Corpuscular Theories of Light. The last chapter, appropriately enough, gives an account of recent experiments which seem to promise an ultimate solution that will prove both theories to have been substantially correct, and not the irreconcilable alternatives they have appeared to be for the past two centuries. The chapter on the Eye and Vision is a model of clarity and might well be incorporated in every course in physiology. The experiments illustrated are better than the majority at present used for teaching purposes. Even the common optical defects of the eye are described, together with the best available means of correcting them. In view of the almost complete ignorance of the public on this most important matter, this account is welcome.

Three chapters are devoted to Colour: a difficult subject, as any artist or theatrical producer will testify. Absorption and diffraction colour formation are

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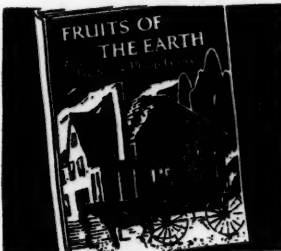


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This is the latest novel by Mr. Grove, and perhaps the most important. It is a fine piece of realism. It is the story of a typical settler on the prairies, his ambitions, his achievements, his failures—a Canadian epic of the soil.



A Search for America

by Frederick Philip Grove

Published Price—\$2.50

Published five years ago, this book is already taking its place among the Canadian classics. The late Fred Jacob, in a review in the *Mail and Empire*, said: 'Of all the Canadian books that I have read, it is the only one that I should like to have written.'

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treated in detail. The account of diffraction and selective scattering of light is one of the best to be found anywhere, and the illustrative cases are drawn from such things as clouds, water and soap bubbles, with which a 'juvenile auditory' and the rest of us are well acquainted. The gift of rousing interest in the scientific method through its application to every day things is one of the greatest a teacher can possess. One of the vital needs of the time is the development in young people, and their elders, of the open-minded scientific experimental approach to their daily problems in the personal, economic and political spheres. Until this attitude can replace the old religio-classical or authoritarian method the dead hand of the past will continue to rule, and life will continue to go hard with the common man. By furthering the development of such an attitude, a book like this serves a double purpose.

The illustrations are excellent. There are over twenty-five plates, many of them in colour, and more than a hundred line drawings, plans and diagrams. As supplementary reading from first year high school to fourth year honour science the book can be unreservedly recommended. It may even find a use as an agent in adult education. While a little more difficult than Sir William Bragg's earlier work on *Old Trades and New Knowledge*, it contains nothing that should puzzle and much that should interest the intelligent reader between the ages of fourteen and eighty.

ARTHUR GOULDING

A REASONABLE WOMAN

THE DOVE, by Laura Goodman Salverson (Ryerson Press; pp. 287; \$2.00).

THE theme of this extremely fine novel is taken from a seventeenth-century Icelandic Saga which tells of a raid of Barbary corsairs on the south coast of the island. Several hundred inhabitants of the smaller villages were carried off and sold into slavery, among them a woman of great beauty and intelligence, who became known, by reason of her charity, as the Dove of El Djézair. The book is more than a mere romance, it is essentially a character study; and, as such, might well have been subtitled, after the manner of Hardy's *Tess*, 'The Story of a Reasonable Woman'. It will probably meet with a more enthusiastic response from its women readers than from the men, who will be inclined to question the verisimilitude of the chief character, not because this character is a woman, but because she embodies all the qualities which women have always insisted are part of the feminine nature, and which the men have been most steadfast in denying them.

In Steffania, an outcast by birth and temperament in her native Iceland, who becomes a ministering angel to the poor and enslaved of old Algiers, the author has undoubtedly given us a great character; she is a rounded whole, complete to the smallest detail of personality. As a heroine she is all that the name implies, not a mere foil for the dashing cavalier of romance, but a being endowed with the virtues of courage, physical strength, a calm intelligence and high-mindedness, usually considered as distinctly masculine. Nor is she by any means lacking in womanly qualities, while her gold and white

beauty is so breath-taking that even a prince falls under the universal spell. She is not, however, as the author hastens to inform us, any 'inhibited saint', and here again the feminist hand of her creator is apparent. Her weaknesses, as well as her virtues, are such as have been considered the time-honoured property of the hero, rather than the heroine of the avowed romance. A thing which would be unthinkable from a masculine pen, she admits the attraction of the 'sweet confusion of the senses' in the caresses of a man whom she does not love; such follies have been reserved for the Lovelaces, not the Clarissas. The Dove's philosophy of cheerful acceptance of the inevitable accords so well with the Moslem doctrine of fatalism, that we feel that, in spite of her northern pride and coldness, these are her people, rather than the weak-kneed degenerates of Feld. Steffania wisely prefers to keep her head bowed and unbloody; as long as the spirit is erect the position of the head matters little.

Though the figure of the Dove overshadows the other characters they are all skillfully drawn, and, in spite of their number, each preserves a distinct individuality. Murad Reis, the renegade Dane turned corsair, and the crippled princess Gulrang are especially good. Abd el Kader is rather a disappointment, but there is no room for two heroes in a single novel of this type, so the man becomes something of a stuffed shirt.

While the source of the story is taken from Icelandic literature, the author has, wisely, made no attempt to recapture the style or atmosphere of the Sagas; the book is frankly a romance. The narrative, by the very nature of the plot, moves swiftly, and is packed with action, but the bare simplicity of the outline is filled out with passages of rich and glowing description, which is effective, but tends occasionally to become flowery. *The Dove* is a valuable addition to the creditable number of excellent novels given us by Canadian writers during the past year, and should be enjoyed by all who appreciate an exhilarating and vividly told story of adventure.

M. C. BODWELL

CONTRIBUTORS

D. M. LeBOURDAIS was for six years Director of Education, Canadian National Committee of Mental Hygiene. He is a frequent contributor to Canadian and American journals.

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GERDDA NELS is a young writer of Swedish origin, born in Glenview, Illinois. She has lived in England and Spain.

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MALCOLM W. WALLACE is Principal of University College, University of Toronto.

SHORT NOTICES

THE MYTH OF GOVERNOR EYRE, by Lord Olivier (Hogarth Press; pp. 348; 15/-).

Eyre was the governor of Jamaica in 1865 at the time of the so-called rebellion. Carlyle erected him into one of his heroes; and though his actions were severely condemned by the colonial authorities at the time, Carlyle's advocacy has given him an undeserved fame and he has become in tradition one of those strong men, like General Dyer of our own time, whom the imperialists of Britain revere. The Dictionary of National Biography accepts the Carlylean version. Lord Olivier here completely explodes it. The judgement of the Dictionary, he says, 'can appear appropriate only to the literature of provincial epitaphs'; and the reader after perusing the evidence which he presents cannot disagree with this conclusion. The outrageous treatment of Gordon and the brutalities with which Governor Eyre put down the 'rebellion' formed a story which was well known to students of history already. Lord Olivier brings out that Eyre's conduct during the critical period was only the culmination of several years of misgovernment in which he had antagonized the natives and deceived the Colonial Office, and that the governor himself was the agent chiefly responsible for provoking the outbreak. It is a terrible story which should be read by all Carlyleans and by all those sentimentalists who get a thrill out of taking up the white man's burden.

F. H. U.

NATURE AND NURTURE, by Lancelot Hogben (Williams & Norgate; pp. 143; 6/6).

Professor Hogben has tossed a bomb into the ranks of the social reformers. As Professor of Social Biology in London, he has been applying modern statistical methods in the field of clinical genetics, and one result has been this book. In it he outlines the present limits of exact knowledge regarding the inheritance of certain mental and physical defects which are distressing the eugenicists. These limits are much less extensive than is popularly supposed.

About thirty known incurable diseases are determined by genes whose existence is established by quantitative agreement with the requirements of Mendel's laws. The first includes several forms of blindness. We do not yet know of any enviable characteristics of human beings determined by single

genes. Even the inheritance of the platinum blonde is still obscure.' In the realm of mental traits our knowledge is still more limited. The problem of limiting mental defect, the various types of which are nearly all recessive in character, is at present insoluble. Moreover, the popular cry, 'Sterilize the unfit', comes chiefly from those who are most firmly opposed to changes in the social and economic system which might lessen the stress of life for those same unfit. The influence of environment on development is enormous, and we are constantly finding that changes in environment alter supposedly hereditary traits. The author suggests, with considerable emphasis, that environmental changes be more fully investigated before we go in off the deep end on wholesale sterilization. At least, if sterilization is to be adopted on a large scale, let us not pretend that it is being done in the sacred name of Science.

The subject of genetics is the most difficult one in biology. A lecture on genetics is usually an experience in mystification. When higher mathematics is superimposed the result is not likely to be a best-seller. This is a pity, for the message of this admirable book is badly needed; in Germany, where Hitler has his 400,000 selected victims awaiting their fate; in Oklahoma, one of the most backward states of the Union, which proposes to follow Hitler's lead; and doubtless elsewhere. Alas! when 'fools rush in' it takes more than the light of reason to stop them. Even if they could understand this book they would disregard it. Political power falls rarely into the hands of the enlightened.

A. G.

WHO'S WHO IN THE THEATRE, a biographical record of the contemporary stage compiled and edited by John Parker (Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons; pp. 1881; \$9.00).

This weighty but valuable compendium of British and American theatrical lore appears only once in three years and has this year reached its seventh edition. Besides a mass of exact information concerning plays, playwrights and players of the contemporary legitimate stage, the new volume contains the fully detailed careers of the many hundreds of men and women who have forsaken footlights for the Klieg lights of Hollywood and Elstree. It is to be hoped that in the next edition cinema folk who have had no preliminary apprenticeship on the boards will also be included.

Accurate and interesting appendices cover such subjects as the genealogical

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trees of the great actor families, seating and stage plans of the theatres of London and New York and even a list of the performances attended by His Majesty since his accession. Were the present reviewer to comment on the royal taste in stage performances he would lay himself open to a well-founded charge of lèse-majesté.

F. H. W.

A CRITICAL HISTORY OF MODERN AESTHETICS, by the Earl of Listowel (Thomas Nelson; pp. 277; \$3.00).

In this thesis for the doctorate at the University of London the Earl of Listowel aims to review theories of beauty of the recent past and of the present day, thus providing a valuable supplement or companion book to Bosanquet's great History. In the first, or historical part, where he considers in turn Expression, Pleasure, Play and Illusion theories, Psychoanalysis, Experimental theories, Einfühlung, Phenomenology, Kunstwissenschaft, Sociological and Form theories, he succeeds admirably. The summaries are succinct, and pithy; occasionally it is true some injustice is done, as in the inclusion of Gentile under the pleasure theories, or the treatment of Bosanquet himself as an eclectic. It seems to me that Bosanquet's insistence on both the formal element in art and the emotional expression achieved by variations in form, issues in a real synthesis, rather than mere syncretism.

And in fact the author himself is distressingly eclectic, in the second, or critical part, where the various theories are subjected to scrutiny.

He admits as factors determining the value of works of art the delight of the higher senses 'and the sense of smell' when devoid of biological reference; sympathetic emotion (empathy) 'the dominating, though by no means the sole feature of the experience of beauty'; perception of 'the formal relations between the separate parts of material objects'; 'and lastly recognition of some lofty value, such as truth,

holiness or goodness incorporated in the intellectual content of the object'. He believes that in art 'we set out to declare ourselves, to court a heavenly illusion'—how is this conciliable with the lofty value of truth by the way? Finally he finds the 'crowning miracle of beauty' in the fact that where 'in conduct, speculation, worship, the lower self must be ruthlessly sacrificed to the higher, in art the natural and the truly human are perfectly reconciled'.

In brief, Intellectualism, Moralism, Empathy, Expressionism (with reservations), Illusionism and even the Pleasure principle which he expressly rejects, but in practice allows to reappear again and again—all these are admitted with something like coequal status. 'If eclecticism is the proper name for acceptance of a plurality of principles' he says, he avows himself an impenitent eclectic.

Unfortunately eclecticism is the proper name for confused thinking; and if we take one capital point, the bearing of emotion on aesthetic value, we read (a) that the 'crude emotions' of ordinary life are wholly foreign to the experience of beauty, (b) that the sympathetic emotion should be carefully separated from these (there is then one unique aesthetic emotion), (c) that aesthetic emotions seem to belong to the object where ordinary emotions are felt as part of the self, and (d) that 'the expressions and communication of emotion are themselves an ultimate goal, and delight the unsought crown of achievement'.

Similar hesitations on matters of equal importance make this part of the book very unsatisfactory reading. And can there be any justification for the long digression on Relativity, Einstein, Myerson, etc.? If there is, one reader fails completely to see it.

H. R. M.

AFTER SUCH PLEASURES, by Dorothy Parker (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 232; \$2.50).

In the three years since the publication of *Laments for the Living*, Dorothy Parker's art has become even more accurate and economical, a thing that scarcely seemed possible. There is the same minute appreciation and unerring use of the contemporary colloquial idiom, however specialized and short-lived any particular phrase may be, the same uncanny power of making even minor characters live solidly, in a few banal sentences that are yet so evocative of familiar types and classes that like successive dabs of clay they build up a definite portrait in a few strokes.

But in this book, the touch is surer, the effects and the means chosen more delicate; there is more pure comedy, with fewer lapses into the extravagance of farce. At the same time, the human animal appears not so much now as ridiculous and nasty, but simply as ridiculous. There are pathetic scenes, but none so uncomfortably painful as *Big Blonde*, or *Mr. Durant*. Mankind is convicted out of its own mouth as being not so much the scum of the earth, as the mere froth of it. The earlier book, superb as it was, too often made one writhe with shame-faced disgust of our common humanity; it was almost an incitement to suicide.

It is not that humanity in this collection seems any more admirable; rather its nastiness seems less important. Where before she said, 'Foul blackguards', now she says merely, 'Poor fools!' And with what infinite variety, what unstraining mockery she says it! What a wealth of implication, whole life-histories and characters in a single easy phrase! There is nothing quite like it in contemporary literature; indeed, for depth and deftness at once, it may challenge comparison with the best that has ever been done in this kind.

L. A. M.

THE BALANCE OF THE CONTINENTS, by Mariano H. Cornejo (Oxford University Press; pp. 220; \$2.00).

This book 'contains very ingenious appreciations of events,' writes Raymond Poincaré, former Premier of France, in an introductory letter. Yes, ingenious indeed! For example, among other things, the author believes that somehow the idealism of the Kellogg Pact will disintegrate the Bolshevik Federation and again, that 'The progressive extension, the unexpected duration, the suffering of people purified and ennobled the aims of the Great War'.

Cornejo's imagination seems handicapped only slightly by established events. His sources of information on the Great War must have come from the official apologetics of the allies, for he still believes that one of the main causes of the war was the Kaiser's personal ambition, and that the introduction of Italy into the Triple Alliance was the master-stroke of Bismarck's machiavelian diplomacy, and so on *ad nauseam*.

The central thesis of the book is to show that the sanctions of war were first religious and later juridical, and now war having lost all sanctions is considered a crime. In the past, the sense of nationality was the root of wars, but at present, the awakened self-consciousness of the continents, through

the instrument of the League of Nations and the Kellogg Pact, will promote peace. The author attempts to apply juridical solutions to the differences of the countries of the world, on the analogy of the situation in South America where boundary disputes have often been settled without recourse to war by reference to the decisions of the old Spanish bureaucracy. He concludes by confusing the idea of war with war itself, and the omission of the economic causes of war merely completes the unreality of the book. If these faults are not enough, there may be added the obscure, abstract, legal jargon in which the book is written.

Those innocent souls who still think possible the peaceful settlement of 'vital' disputes, may find the chapter on the reconciliation of the League Covenant and the Kellogg Pact interesting. Finally, anyone looking for reasons for the failure of the League of Nations will find one in this book—the attempt of the League and international lawyers such as Cornejo to exorcise war by incantations of juridical voodoo.

N. P.

THE GOLDEN PILGRIMAGE, by Sirdar Ikbal Ali Shah (Denis Archer; pp. 299; 8/6).

In this book the Sirdar invites us to join the Moslem pilgrims around the campfire of their caravanserai while they beguile the evening hours with tales of adventure and of mystery, bringing out of the storehouse of Oriental imagination things new and old. The stories suffer somewhat in the telling, partly because of the writer's inadequate command of the English language, partly by reason of a school-boyish artificiality of style, and occasionally through an unnecessary and unsuitable use of American slang. They are none the less intrinsically good stories and will provide an excellent evening's entertainment for anyone; they are good enough, indeed, to suggest comparison now with the Thousand and One Nights, and again with Kipling.

Even more interesting than the stories which he has collected and retold are the writer's descriptions of the pilgrim caravan, of the rites performed by the faithful at Mecca, and of local customs in the out-of-the-way corners of Asia to which his pilgrimage leads him. In these passages he brings before us a world of travel that has changed very little with the passing of centuries, and that for most of us will always retain the fabulous glamour of the land of Prester John.

F. W. B.

BOOKS RECEIVED

The listing of a book in this column does not preclude a more extended notice in this or subsequent issues.

CANADIAN

THE SHROUDING, Poems by Leo Kennedy (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 57; \$1.50).

GENERAL

AFTER SUCH PLEASURES, by Dorothy Parker (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 232; \$2.50).

FLUSH, by Virginia Woolf (Hogarth Press; pp. v, 163; 5/-).

PUBLIC OPINION AND WORLD POLITICS. Edited by Quincy Wright (University of Chicago Press; pp. xiii, 236; \$3.00).

COLLECTED POEMS, Volume One, by M. Sackville-West (Hogarth Press; pp. x, 325; 10/6).

GOLD, UNEMPLOYMENT AND CAPITALISM, by T. E. Gregory (P. S. King; pp. xvi, 308; 12/-).

KEATS' CRAFTSMANSHIP, by M. R. Ridley (Oxford University Press; pp. 312; \$4.50).

THE ENGLISH FOLK-PLAY, by E. K. Chambers (Oxford University Press; pp. vi, 248; \$3.00).

MASS RESISTANCE TO WAR, by Sir Charles Trevelyan (The Socialist League; pp. 10; 2d).

COLLECTED ESSAYS OF ROBERT BRIDGES (Oxford University Press; pp. 91; \$.75).

THE PROGRESS OF INTERNATIONAL GOVERNMENT, by David Mitrany (Thos. Nelson; pp. 176; \$1.50).

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COUNTER ATTACK FROM THE EAST, by C. E. M. Joad (Thos. Nelson; pp. 269; \$2.50).

THE WILL TO FULLER LIFE, by J. H. Badley (Thos. Nelson; pp. 282; \$3.25).

BOMBI BITT, by Fritiof Nilsson (Macmillans in Canada; pp. viii, 219; \$2.00).

GORDON IN CHINA, by Bernard M. Allen (Macmillans in Canada; pp. ix, 222; \$2.50).

SIDE NOTES ON THE BIBLE, by Hilda Petrie (Search; pp. 41; 3/6).

INDIVIDUALISM AND SOCIALISM, by Kirby Page (Farrar & Rinehart; pp. 367; \$2.50).

and distribution, in a state wholly socialistic or in process of becoming such.

The contest is open to all persons under thirty years of age living in Canada. Some of the essays may be published, if found valuable for the advancement of the cause of cooperation. Full announcement of particulars concerning the contest may be obtained by writing to the President of the Robert Owen Foundation, Mr. H. E. Langford, 91 Gothic Avenue, Toronto.

Already on several occasions this Foundation has been spoken of in the columns of THE CANADIAN FORUM. For those who are not familiar with it, we may say that it is a genuinely Canadian membership association, incorporated in the Dominion of Canada in 1932 for the purpose of encouraging by education and otherwise the cooperative organization of industry and community. It has no political or religious affiliations. Its membership is open to all those who are interested in its objects.

In such days as these we are living in, when so many people are longing for a happier Canada, and a better adjustment of human relationships, and when so many are anxious to do their part in bringing about this better future, one of the greatest needs is to become well acquainted with the cooperative ideal and its practical applications. It may be hoped, therefore, that the interesting and generous offer made by the Robert Owen Foundation will induce a great number of young Canadians to undertake this study and write essays for the contest established by it.

Yours, etc.,

HENRI LASSEUR

Toronto.



ESSAY ON COOPERATION

The Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM.

Sir:

Cooperation has been very much spoken of in recent years as one of the main factors capable of redressing our present social evils. But what exactly is cooperation? How does it work in the various fields of our social and economic life? How can it be brought about as the basis of our human relations? What can it do for those most severely hit by the evils of the present social order—the unemployed and the farmers? On such questions many have still only vague ideas, even among those who are firm believers in the new ideal.

Now, here comes an interesting opportunity for a more thorough study of these problems. A cash prize of \$50.00

is being offered by the Robert Owen Foundation for the best essay submitted to this organization on one of the following subjects, pertaining to various aspects of the cooperative movement:—

1. *Why and how should existing industrial enterprises be organized on a cooperative basis?*

2. *Study of cooperative effort by unemployed. Essayists writing on this topic should give a history or record of any one or more examples of cooperative self-help by unemployed citizens, in establishing communities, exchanging products or services, operating industrial enterprises, etc.*

3. *The place of cooperative societies within a socialist state. By this is intended that the essay should develop the arguments for and against cooperative control of agriculture, industry,*

New Arrivals in Everyman's Library

Everyman's has now reached the 900 volume mark and the cover of the new catalogue is reproduced below. The original is in blue and black on a cream background. These catalogues are now available and will be sent free to all who request them. The price of the cloth edition of Everyman's is 60 cents, while the Library or Leather bindings are each \$1.00. The Reference volumes in cloth are 70 cents, in the Library binding \$1.10.

No. 895—**THE WAY OF ALL FLESH**, by Samuel Butler, with an introduction by A. J. Hoppe. This is probably the novel by which Butler is best known to the general public, and it has particular interest for the reader on account of being largely autobiographical. The Introduction, which has been specially written for this edition, helps to show which characters in the story are drawn from real life, the facts being backed-up by quotations from Butler's notebooks and other biographical sources.

No. 896—**FRENCH SHORT STORIES OF THE 19th and 20th CENTURIES**, selected, with an introduction by F. C. Green. These stories are selected, not for mere historical interest, but as being the best specimens available of this attractive art. Twelve of the stories have been specially translated for this edition, and the remainder are all copyright translations which have been chosen for their intrinsic merit—two of the most notable being Julian Green's "Leviathan" and Anatole France's "Crainquebille". Other names include de Maupassant, Flaubert, Renan, Baudelaire, and de Bernard, together with representations from most of the modern well known French authors.

No. 897—**GERMINAL**, by Zola, translated with an introduction by Havelock Ellis. Set in a coal mining area of France, this story is an epic of class war, a tremendous story of strikes, starvation, crude love and hate, riot, disaster, flood, and assassination. Written when its author was at the height of his creative power, **GERMINAL** is rightly regarded by modern critics as Zola's masterpiece. This edition gives the story in the only unabridged English

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translation, the work of Mr. Havelock Ellis, who writes the introduction.

No. 898—**THE CAPTAIN'S DAUGHTER AND OTHER TALES**, by Alexander Pushkin. Pushkin is the greatest of Russian poets, but it is only through his tales that the English reader is able to appreciate his work. His poetry has remained almost untranslatable because of its idiomatic construction. His prose tales established the literary tradition in which the great novelists who came after him worked. The collection contains his best work in fiction, "The Captain's Daughter", also "The Queen of Spades", his most famous short story and three other tales.

No. 899—**PLAYS BY WEBSTER AND FORD**, with Introduction by Dr. G. B. Harrison. Doctor Harrison's Introduction summarizes all that is essential to know about these two writers and their work. They are both tragic writers and

are much the more important of the later Elizabethans. This volume gives two of each of their plays and so a fairly complete picture of their workmanship and ideas.

No. 900—**A BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY OF FOREIGN LITERATURE**, compiled by R. Farquharson Sharp. The volume is a companion to the "Biographical Dictionary of English Literature" already in the Reference Section. It deals with upwards of 550 foreign authors, giving biographical account, together with as complete a list as possible, of the writer's works with their dates. English translations are noted with their titles. This is the only dictionary of its kind on the market at anything like a popular price.

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